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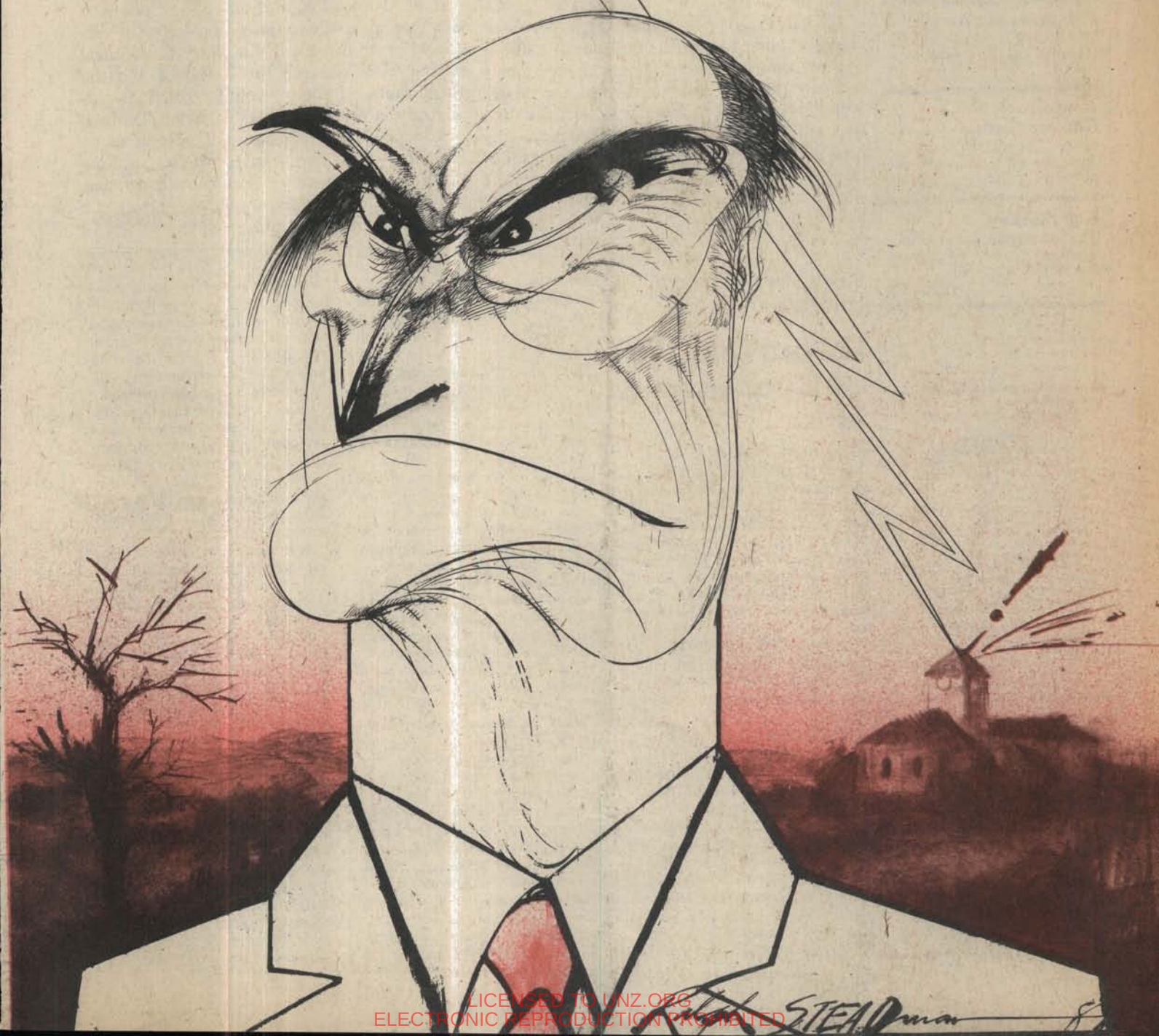

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Cover: Ralph Streadman

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Labour's role in Ireland

TONY BENN may well be smothered in ritual abuse for having dared to challenge the 'bipartisan' approach to Irish policy. But it was a welcome step, even if it was accompanied by implausible suggestions that the British Army might somehow be pulled out in favour of a blue-helmeted UN contingent.

Labour's leaders need to confront the fact that the Irish issue is rapidly cutting their party off from the mainstream of European democratic socialism — exactly, and tragically, at the moment when Francois Mitterrand's victory offers a promise of new energy. This situation cannot be remedied merely by invoking the death of Lord Mountbatten, and other evidence of IRA violence, however repulsive and terrifying they appear to us. The point is that as understanding of events in Ireland becomes more widespread, more and more people perceive that Labour was the author of the policy which Thatcher now carries out with such massive insensitivity.

Michael Foot's position is especially vulnerable, for when he presents the issue as a simple one of democracy versus gunmen, too many people remember how he wheeled and dealed with the Unionists to buy a little more life for a doomed Labour government — and remember how that process crushed most of the aspirations of the SDLP, and the open, democratic tradition of Catholic politics. Labour cooked up the Diplock courts: it was Labour that sent the Army to Ulster to prop up Stormont's corrupt rule.

Just now, Mr Haughey is Britain's, and Labour's, only shield against international criticism. Labour leaders, along with Mrs Thatcher and Dr Owen, produce this in speech after speech as their sadly dog-eared trump card. Mr Haughey is neither a coward nor a fool: he knows that mouthing 'Troops Out' is no solution, and the Republic cannot handle Ulster's economic problems on its own. But Mr Haughey isn't likely to be able to hold the line if there are more deaths in succession to Sands and Hughes: deaths which occur because of Westminister's conviction that the Irish problem can be reduced by symbolically criminalising men and women who are not criminals in the opinion of the community to which they belong.

As Tony Benn suggested — and we've argued for some time — the best hope of progress is 'internationalisation' of the conflict. But that idea will sound preposterous if discussed in terms of a UN military force interposing itself between the Catholics and the Protestants. Labour could, convincingly, advocate a referral of the status of 'Diplock prisoners' to the European Commission of Human Rights: to do so is not to 'condone murder', but merely to acknowledge that states, like individuals, should not always be judges in their own cause. □

Patrick Wintour on a plan to boost jobs

Labour may tap GLC pension fund

MUNICIPAL SOCIALISM, for long a tainted phrase, is making a comeback. The new Labour controlled GLC is proposing to set up a London Enterprise Board by the end of next month, and by the next financial year it may have £70 million for investment purposes, rising to £115 million in 1984-85. The Board will raise money from three sources — 2p extra on the rates under section 137 of the 1972 Local Government Act, worth £40 million a year; the GLC superannuation fund; and other pension funds.

The use of the GLC fund is the most controversial. The fund is worth £325m. 'New money' coming into the fund (contributions plus investment income, less pension payments) is about £36m a year. It is intended to tap up to 30 per cent of this new money. However Michael Ward, the new GLC industry leader, faces some delicate negotiations with the GLC staff association: at the last TUC Congress the association successfully amended a motion on the use of pension funds to regenerate British industry. Their motion said funds should not be used 'by politicians to advance enterprises without certainty' and should not be used when 'the return on them is less than the market rate'. Ward feels he may be able to placate the GLC staff's fears. For instance, under law no local authority pension fund can go bankrupt: if the Enterprise Board were to make a series of poor investments, the pension fund losses would have to be met by the rate payers. Ward's chief argument will be that a viable London economy is good for the pension fund: without it, the GLC rate base would be reduced and the employer, the GLC, would face serious problems in being able to guarantee pensions. If the City and pension funds were left entirely to their own devices, they would increasingly invest abroad, rather than create jobs at home.

To take on its new role the pension fund investment panel will need to be restaffed. By law, local authority funds must take 'proper advice on investments from a person qualified by his (sic) ability in and practical experience of financial matters'. The Labour GLC is currently scouring the City for just such people. Staff representatives will also be on the fund's board. In all, the pension fund would provide about a quarter of the funds available to the Enterprise Board. It would be long-term investment with no guaranteed rate of return. The Board will probably be set up as a private limited company, with 75 per cent of the shares owned by the GLC and 25 per cent owned by the pension fund. The board would provide support in return for share capital to companies suffering 'short term cash problems that might create redundancies', as well as to new companies, particularly co-operatives.

A great deal of effort is being expended to ensure that the Enterprise Board is democratically controlled and does not degenerate in the manner of the last Labour Government's National Enterprise Board. Ward says a chief political influence has been the inquiry by four trades councils into Labour's attempt at state intervention in industry (1974-79). This inquiry concluded that workers could not simply rely on a 'reformist-led state' to transform industry but that 'working class people would also have to build up their own power'. Ward hopes that power will grow through GLC-financed trade union resource centres and that GLC officers will work with shop stewards' committees and community groups to prepare local plans and new products, to be back by the Enterprise Board. □

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Police questioning of mentally handicapped in breach of Judges Rules, reports Rob Rohrer

Not guilty verdict for 'killer who confessed'

CONFESSIONS OBTAINED by Merseyside and Greater Manchester police forces in two recent murder inquiries have demonstrated a continuing unwillingness by detectives to obey Judges Rules drafted in 1978 to protect mentally handicapped suspects facing police interrogation. In these murder inquiries mentally retarded suspects were questioned at length, without any independent parties present, until they provided signed confessions. Neither admission was subsequently corroborated by forensic or eye-witness evidence — but for one suspect it led to eight months' detention and a murder trial.

On Merseyside John Cheeseman, 20, confessed to murdering two eleven year old boys at a Whiston rubbish tip. 'They started swearing at me and then I started to hit them,' he told police at 3.50 in the morning, after nearly eight hours in custody. 'They carried on calling me the 'eff' word so I started to hit them again.' On Monday a Liverpool Crown Court Jury found Cheeseman, who had a mental age of about ten, not guilty.

Three months ago, Norbert Devlin, 30, confessed to murder and arson on a Manchester Council Estate: 'I went into the living room and I saw the lady who lived there', reads his statement, 'I pushed her and she fell against the couch with her head . . . I threw paraffin on the kitchen floor and set it on fire.' After spending two nights at Middleton Police Station Devlin, with an IQ of about 60, was eliminated from inquiries when another man was charged with the murder.

Neither confession would have been admissable if the 1976 Fisher Report's recommendations had been given the force of law. Sir Henry Fisher's inquiry into the Maxwell Confait case mistakenly asserted the likely guilt of two of the youths imprisoned for the murder. But he did conclude that the law should insist on the presence of parent, guardian or another non-police witness during the questioning of the mentally handicapped.

John Cheeseman's mental impairment is readily apparent to observers. Detective Chief Inspector Ernie Kelly, who led the inquiry, conceded he knew the suspect was 'of limited intelligence'. But Cheeseman's father was only allowed to be present during the first two brief interviews, at which Cheeseman made no admission, and for the final statement. For the rest of the night and early morning his father was kept waiting along a corridor in the station canteen. Cheeseman had spent eight hours at Huyton police station, in Merseyside's controversial K Division, when he confessed. He was undoubtedly fatigued, having risen at 5.45 the previous morning to help with a milk-round. And he was clearly under stress, with a total of eight detectives taking part in the questioning. There is some evidence of police draughtsmanship in Cheeseman's statement: 'At about 6 pm on the day in question I went down to Huyton tip . . .' A style of English that those who know Cheeseman say he'd never employ.

In Norbert Devlin's case Manchester Police soon knew about his mental difficulties, according to Don Gittins, MENCAP'S regional director. 'The police were bloody well told the night he was arrested,' he claims, 'by Social Services and two other sources.' Despite this Devlin was detained for a further two days after his confession.

Evidence not available at last week's trial also indicates that one local shop-keeper, who knew Cheeseman, regarded him as a 'terrible fantasiser' who would often borrow saucy gossip of the milkman, giving himself the star role.

Despite the evidence which appeared to put Cheeseman's innocence well beyond reasonable doubt, the police and the Director of Public Prosecutions pressed on with a murder charge. Merseyside Police clung to two references in Cheeseman's confession, about a rope and a mattress, maintaining that only the killer would have known a ligature had been used on one victim and that the bodies were hidden under a mattress. However, these clues may well have been accessible to would-be confessors. In an ITN interview the day after the murders a Superintendent revealed how the bodies had been hidden. Cheeseman's own confession mentions that he knew the boys had been attacked because he had been listening to radio reports.

John Cheeseman (right) walks free from the court with his solicitor. In the background Irene Cheeseman.

As with many confessions, John Cheeseman's bald account of the killings begged corroboration. He didn't fit the description issued hours earlier by the Police. They wanted a man with 'dark hair' in a distinctive, swept-back 'Ronald Reagan' style. Cheeseman's long hair was bleached noticeably blonde at the time.

The wanted man, detectives also thought, would be 'probably heavily blood-stained.' Cheeseman's clothes and shoes, however, revealed no traces of blood, and they were free of any soil, seeds, pollen, grass stains or other vegetable debris linking him to the scene of the crime. The victims' clothing and Cheeseman's own garments contained readily detachable loose fibres, yet a microscopic survey established there had been no transfer of fibres which forensic scientists would have certainly expected. In addition witnesses testified — some with convincingly precise timings — that they had seen John Cheeseman at or about the time of the killings more than a mile away in Whiston village centre.

Cheeseman's confession led on from his confused talk about an incident involving two other local youngsters, a story which later turned out to be substantially true.

Did any of the nine officers who interrogated or looked after Cheeseman overnight make careless slips and mention the rope and the mattress to him? Was he subject to leading questions which allowed him to absorb and later re-employ information about the crime? Or was he simply verballed? Without an independent witness it is impossible to say. But Mrs Irene Cheeseman recalls one comment from her son. He claimed police told him, 'we'll give you a cup of tea and take you home', in return for which they wanted a statement.

MENCAP's Don Gittins believes that fear is another pressure employed to induce confessions. Norbert Devlin has spoken of rough treatment while he was in police custody. 'Devlin's statement to the police was a complete fabrication,' says Gittins, 'he wasn't there and he didn't do it. What more is there to say? When you are terrified, which he was, you will say anything to get out. In his case the rules were deliberately ignored.'

West Midlands Police are now conducting an inquiry into the Devlin confession and Merseyside police may well find themselves under pressure to admit an outside force, particularly because of K Division's reputation. □

Building has halted, conditions decline, reports Rob Edwards

Homeless rule for Scotland

LAST YEAR, for the first time ever, Scotland's council house stock shrank in size. Local authorities started building a mere 2,807 houses — fewer than in any peacetime year since 1922 — while a record 2,908 council houses were sold. Yet one in every 11 households — 157,000 — are now registered on Scotland's public sector house waiting lists.

A major new report* by Shelter (Scotland) published this week reveals that unemployment in the construction industry has risen by 50 per cent over the last six months so that now more than a quarter of all building workers are without a job. The number of private sector house starts, and the level of public sector improvements in 1980 were the lowest for a decade. This is all attributable, says the report, to 'the political devaluation of housing as an item of public concern'.

Another study by the Scottish Council for Single Homeless due out next week claims that there is a need for more than a quarter of a million new homes for single people by 1991. A third report by a group of Scottish local authorities (with the unfortunate acronym of SLASH) recently estimated that at least one in seven council houses suffered from dampness and that in order to tackle the problem they needed £500 million immediately from the Government.

Public spending on Scottish housing is due to be slashed by a third over the next three years: the cuts in the housing budget make up 76 per cent of all the spending cuts planned for Scotland. This year for the first time, the Government's capital allocations to local authorities, instead of supposedly being related to housing need, were tied to rent levels. If councils didn't raise rents by an average of 40 per cent in line with the Government's wishes, they were penalised by having their capital allocation cut.

The proportion of council house costs met by rents and rates is due to rise from 55 per cent in 1979-80 to 74 per cent in 1981-82, while the proportion met by Government subsidies will fall from 43 per cent to 23 per cent. At this rate State housing subsidies will be wiped out within a few years — and council tenants will be paying massively increased rents. At the same time, the total amount of subsidy given to home-owners in the form of mortgage interest tax relief in Britain rose by over £500 million between 1979 and 1980 to almost £2,000 million — half of which went to mortgagees with incomes of over £10,000 a year. □

Dead End Street is available from Shelter, 6, Castle Street, Edinburgh for £1.75 (incl. postage).

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Blacks and Asians back Labour, but show no signs of blind loyalty, reports Mike Phillips

Flexing the muscles of the ethnic vote

FIVE BLACK and Asian councillors are now due to take up seats in two of the biggest authorities — the GLC and the West Midlands County Council. Their successful candidacy is one sign of a trend that could have important effects.

Up to now there has been only one black county councillor, Lord Pitt, since before the First World War. There are a number of wards and districts where the black and Asian vote is crucial, especially in local government elections, but the actual machinery of the local party remains firmly in the hands of whites. In the last year, black local politicians, notably in Handsworth, Birmingham, and Brent in London, have begun to test their political muscle, and to confront the local Labour hierarchy by a campaign of recruitment of black and Asian members, which led to the selection of a larger number of blacks for the local councils. In Brent this also led to accusations that the blacks were employing 'rent-a-crowd' tactics, but in other districts local parties have had their minds concentrated on the issue, and the realisation is slowly beginning to creep in that the price of black support is black involvement in the hierarchy of the local parties. An example of this new state of mind is that the successful candidate at Walthamstow, Paul Boateng, had been shortlisted by five different districts in London, and had actually been chosen by Lambeth, before accepting Walthamstow's offer.

On the other hand, in Handsworth, James Hunte was nominated only after a struggle in the local party, where a recruitment drive by his opponents brought in 63 new members, and he then found himself opposed by an independent (white) candidate. Characteristically, there were no blacks represented on the executive or management committees, but in spite of the conflicts, Hunte's majority (3,163) was over half the votes polled. Altogether, the West Midlands election returned four new black councillors. In Aycocks Green, which doesn't have a very large black electorate, Guyanese Paul Haymeraj unexpectedly took the seat from prominent committee woman Jean Seecombe, who previously had an 11 per cent majority for the Tories. In Coventry K. S. Sharma, veteran treasurer of the local party took his seat on a slate of Labour Party candidates. In West Bromwich V. S. Siddhu also polled a large majority for Labour. All of these, like Boateng in London, were well known, long-term Labour Party members, and their election has exploded more than one myth.

After the election defeats of Lord Pitt, especially the traumatic Fulham by-election during the Wilson administration, Labour has seen blacks as election losers, and the view that white voters would retreat from any black candidate under racist pressure has been widely accepted. It was thought not to apply in local government wards dominated by black and left-wing voters. However, districts such as Walthamstow and Aycocks Green have a mix of white working-class and middle-class voters, with only a small proportion of immigrants, and here it is unusual to find black candidates holding the Labour vote to its previous level (This had been done before, in fact, by Russell Profitt in Westminster, but his result was regarded as insignificant, because the constituency itself was safely Tory.) This time the black candidates emerged as winners; NF candidates played only a minor part in the campaign; and labour defections were more than counterbalanced by the turnout of blacks and Asians who hadn't voted before.

This was the case in Coventry, where the inclusion of an Asian on the list in an atmosphere of heightened racial tension brought out a larger number of Asian voters than ever before. In Walthamstow the Tories were confident, according to Boateng, that the Asians would not turn out to vote for a West Indian or African, and in the event they did, providing a 'solid hard core of support.'

For voters of this kind, it is clearly a choice between coming out for Labour, or not voting at all.

Waltham Forest Guardian

Jubilant moment for new GLC councillor Paul Boateng

Coming away from the poll in Walthamstow, one local shopkeeper, Mr Singh, told me that he had voted Conservative last time, but proposed to vote for Labour in the future. 'It's not just a matter of a black candidate. If they were Communist I wouldn't vote for them. But now Boateng can have a chance to take up the things that concern us, like immigration laws.'

This focussing on issues rather than on parties is typical of the blacks and Asians I spoke to on polling day. Most of them had no desire to establish a pattern of loyal voting. The level of their interest was markedly lower in areas where no blacks were standing, largely because the local party's attitude to black candidates seemed to be regarded as an index of their seriousness about issues affecting blacks. In Manchester, Berry Edwards, warden of the West Indian Centre, said: 'People didn't seem to be a lot interested up here. I think they would have been if there was a black candidate, yes. But they don't seem much interested.' If Constituency Labour Parties don't take the hint they may find themselves facing decisive challenges from a newly confident network of black politicians. 'I depend on black votes here in Handsworth', says James Hunte. 'Any candidate who wants to stand here has to satisfy the black people, and there are more than a dozen constituencies in this country where that is true.'

Angela Phillips on moves to humanise the medical profession

The price on doctors' lives

AT A CONFERENCE last Saturday a new organisation, 'Women in Medicine', was launched which aims to examine the destructive nature of the medical career structure on the lives and families of male and female doctors. The hours of work of junior doctors, and their effect on the health of both workers and patients, have already been referred to the Health and Safety Executive by the Medical Practitioners' Union. It would be illegal for a driver or a pilot to endanger life by working a 36-hour stretch. But for doctors this sort of marathon (12 hours on call between two 12-hour shifts) is regularly endured on the way up the professional ladder.

The proportion of women entering medicine has risen from 22 per cent in the early 1970s, to nearly 40 per cent today. This is now said to be causing concern in the medical establishment about the 'waste' of spending taxpayers' money on students who are seen as less 'dedicated' than their male counterparts. 'Women in Medicine', a national network for female doctors and medical students, also aims to tackle these intimations of a backlash. The problem, as they see it, is that although the majority of doctors have families, female doctors are far more affected by this fact. In a recent questionnaire, male medical students expressed no inhibitions about following their chosen professional trajectory, while female students felt that future family plans would have to be taken into consideration before making a choice. Relatively few women doctors make it into their preferred speciality, because competition is so stiff; however, their families probably suffer less. A survey in *Health Trends,* published earlier this year, revealed that 50 per cent of medical families (all with male doctors) move at least once every three years. As a result, stress and isolation are felt by as many as 62 per cent of medical wives; 14 per cent of their children suffer disturbance and problems at school, and 45 per cent of the doctors themselves feel that they have too little contact with their children.

Women who give prior consideration to their families tend to be channelled into non-career posts and 'part time jobs'. As one GP at last week's conference put it: 'We are considered to be transient, undemanding and cheap'. 'Women in Medicine' are opposed to the notion of 'little jobs for little women' and seek a fundamental restructuring of the profession.

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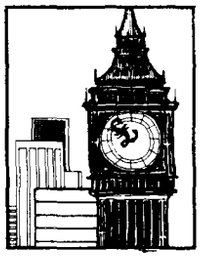


Peter Kellner, Political Editor

Enough to make Foot Prime Minister — just

LUMINARIES of all three (or should I say all four) parties found things to be cheerful about in last week's county council election results. Each would be wiser to reflect on the disappointments. The Tories lost much ground, not only in the depressed West Midlands and North-West, but also in the towns near London where they did so well in 1979. Also, in towns where results can be compared, the Tories have lost votes to both Labour and the Liberals since the district elections twelve months ago.

Labour broadly recovered to where it stood in the county elections in May 1973. But then unemployment was a mere 600,000, and inflation was in single fingures. Tony Benn got it exactly wrong to say that the results provided evidence of public support for his kind of socialism. By rights, Labour should be streets ahead of where they now stand, given the state of the economy.

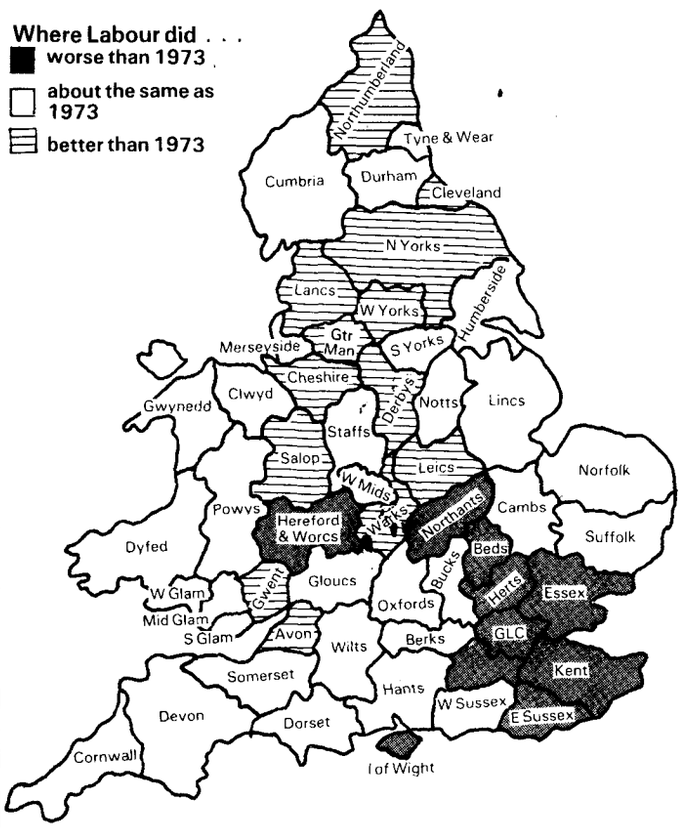
The Liberals claim, rightly, that they have more county councillors now than at any time since the war. Overall their share of the vote has risen to where it stood in October 1974 — but this secured it just 13 seats at Westminster. As these are the last elections likely to be fought without the full-scale intervention of the SDP, the Liberals might have hoped for more would-be-social -democrat support than they evidently obtained.

The results are analysed in more detail below. Of the major cities Labour fared worst (compared with 1979) in Sheffield, Leeds and London, and best in Birmingham. Labour also gained seats in Liverpool, but here mainly as beneficiaries of a swing from the Tories to the Liberals. (The Liberals' Liverpool figure in table one should be treated with a little caution: Liberals have recently done better in local than in general elections in the city.)

At first sight, it would seem that the pattern of results reflected the two-nation economics of Mrs Thatcher's government (see map), with the areas registering the steepest industrial decline showing the greatest anti-Tory swing. The collapse of the Tory vote in the once-prosperous West Midlands would tend to support that theory.

But that fails to explain the huge anti-Tory swings in a number of still relatively prosperous towns ringing London, such as Watford, Brighton and Basildon. It seems more likely that the Tories are losing support not so much according to where people live, but according to the job they have (or had): manual workers and their families are reacting against the recession, almost independently of whether their own locality has been especially hard hit, or let off relatively lightly.

In London, of course, Labour did less well than expected. The Liberals did not make much headway, either. The Liberals, sometimes alongside 'social democrats', found greener pastures elsewhere. But the result from Lincoln — Dick Taverne's old seat — shows how ambiguous some of their gains were. Together the Liberals and Social Democrats almost doubled their 1979 share of the vote. But, as table one shows, the outcome was to turn a marginal Tory constituency into a moderately safe Labour one. □



1 Tale of eight cities

		CON	LAB	LIB/SOC DEM
London	1979	46.0	39.6	11.9
	1981	39.8	41.8	15.4
	Change	−6.2	+2.2	+3.5
Birmingham	1979	44.6	46.4	7.4
	1981	31.4	51.4	10.6
	Change	−13.2	+5.0	+3.2
Brighton	1979	53.7	33.3	11.4
	1981	39.3	39.7	20.5
	Change	−14.4	+6.4	+9.1
Leeds	1979	35.2	48.4	14.9
	1981	27.2	49.1	21.8
	Change	−8.0	+0.7	+6.9
Lincoln	1979	41.8	40.4	13.3
	1981	27.7	42.5	25.5
	Change	−14.1	+2.1	+12.2
Liverpool	1979	35.9	49.1	14.5
	1981	21.7	46.9	31.0
	Change	−14.2	−2.2	+16.5
Manchester	1979	36.0	52.2	9.4
	1981	28.3	55.1	15.1
	Change	−7.7	+2.9	+5.7
Sheffield	1979	33.9	54.3	10.9
	1981	29.7	57.0	12.6
	Change	−4.2	+2.7	+1.7

2 Marginal England

Changes in percentage of vote 1979-1981 in marginal seats

	London	Rest of south	Midlands & North
Con	−6.3	−9.4	−7.8
Lab	+2.3	+4.1	+1.1
Lib/Soc Dem	+3.5	+6.9	+10.2
Swing to Lab	4.3	6.8	4.4

Table one shows how the votes of the major parties have changed in eight cities since the 1979 General Election. The 1981 figures for London, Brighton and Lincoln include candidates standing under a 'social democrat' label. The Manchester figures incorporate six of the city's eight constituencies; Gorton and Openshaw cannot be lined up exactly with county council boundaries.

Table two shows how the main parties' shares of the vote have moved in selected marginal constituencies where boundaries allow for comparison with 1979. The London seats are: Battersea South, Dulwich, Ealing North, Enfield North, Fulham, Hornchurch, Ilford South, Mitcham & Morden, Paddington, and Putney. The 'rest of the South' seats are: Basildon, Cambridge, Ipswich, Oxford, and Watford. The 'Midlands and North' seats are: Birmingham Yardley, Bury & Radcliffe, Lincoln, Manchester Withington, Newcastle-upon-Tyne North, and York.

The map shows how well Labour has fared compared with the county elections eight years ago, when Labour last did well. Labour's improved performance in North Yorkshire and Shropshire reflects a decline in the independent, rather than Tory, vote.

•The figures on this page are based largely on analysis done by John Curtice, Clive Payne and Robert Waller for BBC-TV and the *Sunday Times*.

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FRANCE

A gleam in Europe's eye

If Francois Mitterrand can lead the French Socialist Party to a workable parliamentary majority in the 'third round' of elections next month, he may well have transformed Europe's political climate. Having taken over what amounted to a splinter party, with almost derisory support, Mitterrand built it by painful stages into a remarkably broad-based alliance of left and centre-left. GODFREY HODGSON reviews Mitterrand's political history, DANIEL SINGER assesses his chances of carrying through his programme, and CLAUDIA WRIGHT predicts the consequences for Washington.

NO POLITICIAN is better prepared for the ferocious bargaining that is now beginning. For the past ten years, Francois Mitterrand has been at war with his rivals on the left, the Communists. But for 25 years before that, he waged a lonely war against the dirty tricks of the Right.

From the beginning his political career was clouded by rumours that he accepted a medal from the Petain regime. He did: he was working under cover for a Resistance group, having escaped from a German prisoner-of-war camp, and — like other Resistance agents — had been ordered to accept the medal rather than jeopardize his cover. In July 1954, as the agony over the Indochinese war was reaching its climax, a right-wing secret policeman with a history of collaboration with the Petain regime handed a document to Christian Fouchet, who was later to acquire an almost superhuman reputation for cunning as the head of General de Gaulle's secret services. It purported to be an account of the latest meeting of the political bureau of the French Communist Party. Fouchet jumped when he read it: not only did it contain a near-verbatim account of the last meeting of the national defence committee, which Fouchet himself had attended; it claimed that the Party had received this top-secret information from 'a minister in the present government'.

This set off 'l'affaire des fuites,' the Affair of the Leaks, one of the murkiest scandals of the Fourth Republic. At different times it has been suggested that the Gaullists, the Algerian ultras, the French intelligence services and even the CIA were involved. The minister suspected of leaking state secrets was Francois Mitterrand.

It is now widely accepted that Mitterrand was either the victim of an absurd misunderstanding or — more probably — that he was deliberately set up. Even at the time, Francois Mauriac, the Catholic novelist (who attained the status of a semi-official conscience for the non-Communist Left during the Algerian war) drew the conclusion that Mitterrand was seen on the Right as a man to be stopped at any cost.

In 1945, the Liberation seemed to have brought socialism its historic opportunity. Defeat, fascism and collaboration had discredited the old France of the Comite des Forges capitalists and the 'republic of old mates', as the politicians of the Third Republic were contemptuously known. The Communists were high in public admiration because of their heroism in the Resistance; but with the Party in the grip of Stalinism, their time for winning elections had passed.

The old socialist party, the SFIO ('French section of the Third International') had been partially discredited by the pro-Petain vote of two-thirds of its deputies in 1940. Many younger socialists and *resistants* preferred to form their own party, the Democratic and Socialist Union of the Resistance (UDSR). Francois Mitterrand was among them, and soon emerged as a leader.

But slowly, over the years from 1945 to 1958, both the traditional socialism of the SFIO and the visionary idealism of the Resistance succumbed to the frustrations, the compromises and the *bavure* — the 'slop' — of the party politics of the Fourth Republic and the Cold War. Leading socialist Jules Moch stood shoulder to shoulder with the Americans and defeated the political strikes with which the Communists sought to carry out the Comintern's 1947 offensive. The agonies of conscience and the dilemmas of policy grew sharper as the Indochinese and Algerian wars added turns to the rack.

Francois Mitterrand lived through this bitter period of frustration and discredit. He was minister of the interior, France's 'first policeman'. Then for ten years, between 1958 and 1968, the credit for a very real economic expansion and a certain sense of national regeneration went to the Gaullists. By the time the Gaullist regime collapsed in 1968, Mitterrand was regarded by most of his friends (who came more from an intellectual world than from Left-wing politics) as just another of yesterday's men.

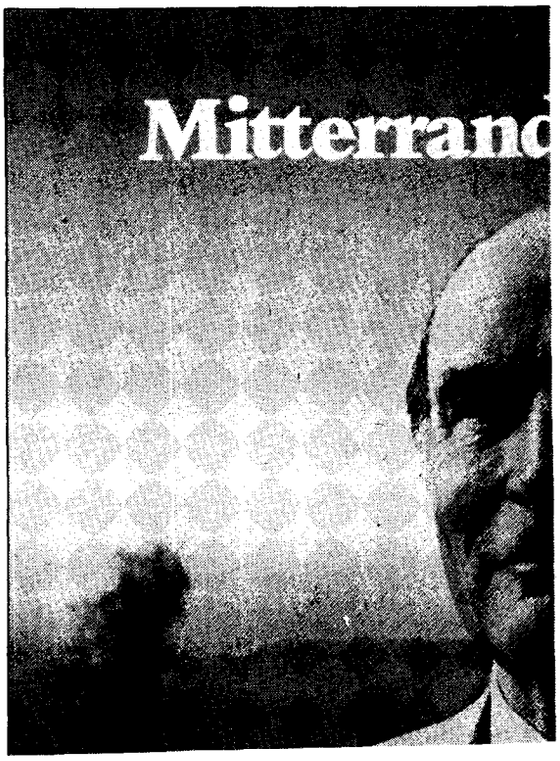
THE NEW SOCIALIST PARTY was in fact founded in Mitterrand's absence at a conference at Issy-les-Moulineaux, outside Paris in December 1969. But Mitterrand was the author of the strategy which brought about its revival. It was obvious to both Communists and Socialists that the Left could not overturn de Gaulle's successors and win power unless it could unite, at least in the minimal sense of an electoral compact. As early as 1965, Francois Mitterrand had been the candidate of the Left in a fairly hopeless challenge to de Gaulle, and the Communists agreed not to run a candidate against him. At the beginning of the 1970s a common electoral programme was established for Communists and Socialists which would also be the common charter of a united government of the Left. At the same time as Mitterrand emerged as the socialist leader with this clear strategy, Georges Marchais, the new leader of the Communist party, also accepted the strategic necessity of an alliance with the socialists.

Neither side made any bones about the competitive nature of the relationship. Francois Mitterrand, in particular, made it plain that the union could only work, from a socialist point of view, if it entailed a shift of the balance of power within the Left from Communists to Socialists.

Each side, naturally, made substantial concessions. The Communists dropped some industries from the list they were proposing to nationalise. They agreed to freeze, not dismantle, the French independent nuclear capability, De Gaulle's cherished *force de frappe*. On Europe, on relations with the United States, and on other foreign policy areas, the Communists either gave up ground to Socialists, or allowed areas to remain conveniently vague. The Socialists, for their part, accepted a list of nationalisations substantially longer than most of their membership would have liked.

What kind of party does Mitterrand now lead? How does it compare with the Labour Party? The comparison is treacherous. Superficially, the PS is far more a party of the Left, in the Marxist tradition, than the Labour Party has ever been in the past. Amusement is to be had at PS gatherings for those of cynical turn of mind as exquisitely tailored members of the French upper middle class bawl out the well-loved words of the Internationale ('This is the struggle! The final struggle!') — and Francois Mitterrand is not the least well-tailored of them. The party employs a more specifically Marxist rhetoric and style than Labour does: but then that has been true of continental democratic socialist parties for a very long time.

The PS may be unambiguously a socialist party; it is also undeniably the party which



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represents the *Right* of the French Left, locked in deadly rivalry with the Communists. It may be committed to a relatively 'advanced' socialist programme: it has been drawn in that direction by electoral need, and if that need disappeared, as a result of further decline in the Communist vote, the PS might back off from parts of its economic programme. On the other hand, far more clearly than Labour at the moment, the PS is about changing French life, and the French *State*, as opposed to changing the French economy. This has a lot to do with its membership and electoral support. The PS is closely allied to the second largest confederation of unions in France, the CFDT, imaginatively led by Edmond Maire. The CFDT has had its greatest successes in recruiting 'cadres': a nearly untranslatable French word covering junior and middle management as well as skilled private and public sector workers and supervisors.

The French economy may have been modernised more successfully than the British economy. But the French State is more unrepentantly authoritarian and paternalist; and that is saying a great deal. France still has conscription and the guillotine. Local government is still in the hands of the central government and the prefects established by Napoleon. The education system of the State is deeply in need of reform, and so is the judicial system. It is because they believe that under Francois Mitterrand the Socialist party will attempt to put into practice a programme of reform based on an ethical interpretation of what socialism means, as well as a programme of economic reform based on the conception of 'autogestion' — the version of workers' control dear to the CFDT — that millions of French people voted for Mitterrand last Sunday. □

Radical measures

SOCIALIST STRATEGISTS are busy preparing for the election at the end of June which should provide Francois Mitterrand with the left-wing Assembly needed to carry out his programme.

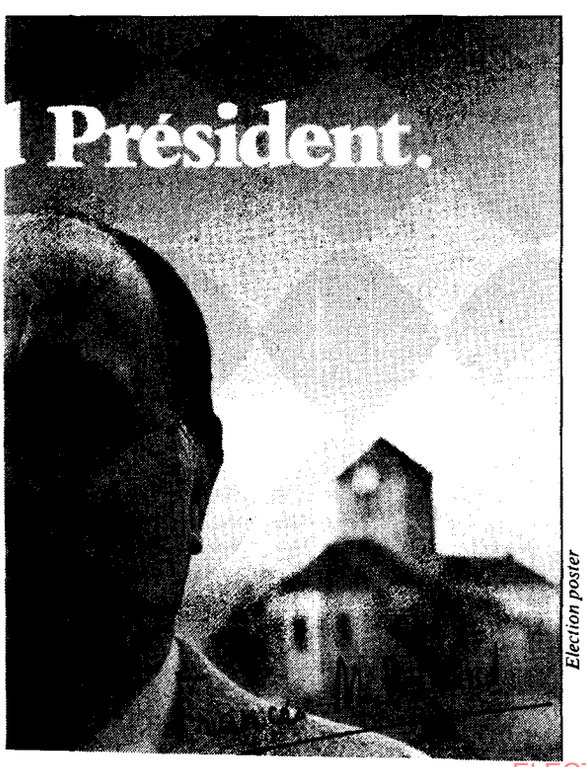
Unemployment figured prominently in the election and Mitterrand intends to fight it partly through a policy of economic expansion (three per cent a year to start with), spurred by higher consumption, itself fostered by selective social transfers (a sharp increase in the minimum wage, and big improvements in old-age pensions and family and housing allowances). The plan is to be supplemented by the direct creation of 210,000 jobs in the state sector, essentially in teaching and the health services. This, in turn, should be linked with a wealth tax, the narrowing of the range of wages and more social reforms involving education and the wider use of referendums. It is also proposed to nationalise the remaining French private banks, nine big industrial groups, and the steel industry, as well as sectors of the nuclear, space and armament industries.

The social programme, if properly explained, may mobilise many people. The Socialists want to draw up a balance sheet at once, both to register Giscard's record and to show the real situation to the workers. One reason is to secure pay restraint. Mitterrand wants to collaborate with the unions granting them new powers in the factory rather than inflationary wage increases.

For a quarter of a century after the war, while the national cake was growing, reformists could preach, because they were able to deliver. Now much more radical measures are needed to provide a genuine improvement. Obviously Mitterrand is no revolutionary, yet in assessing his likely conduct we have to consider whether he will be free to apply his policies.

On 21 June, in the first ballot of the Parliamentary election, all parties will measure the impact of the presidential poll. Within the new opposition the battle is already bitter. On the morrow of his defeat, Jacques Chirac made a bid for the role of Redeemer of the Right. He was at once violently attacked by Raymond Barre. But the outgoing prime minister was not the real challenger. Giscard then entered the stage, mincing no words about 'premeditated treason'.

The competition will be equally acute on the Left. The Communists will discover how many lost votes they can recover and, therefore, how many of the 86 seats won in 1978 they can preserve. The Socialists will want to improve substantially on their 104 deputies. After all, the Left will need to gain nearly 50 seats to obtain a majority in the assembly. □



Election poster

Bad news for Haig

AMERICAN officials and press have gone to great lengths to suggest that Mitterrand is probably tougher on the Soviet Union, and softer on Israel, than his predecessor, and therefore, as the *Washington Post*'s senior foreign editor suggested, 'more in tune with . . . the Reagan White House.'

The hypothesis bears careful scrutiny. M. Mitterrand has done much more than get himself elected: he has vastly improved the chances of an election victory next October by the Greek Socialist leader, Andreas Papandreou; he may help the Norwegian Labour government of Gro Harlem Brundtland survive its election test on 14 September (the polls show Labour just three points ahead); and he has taken the stuffing out of Helmut Schmidt's resistance to the left-wing of his German Social-Democratic Party. The chain reaction offers a far greater threat to American strategy in Europe than Mitterrand may be prepared to endorse personally, although on several issues his opposition to the Americans is plain.

He is opposed to the American scheme (reaffirmed once again at the NATO ministerial meeting in Rome) to deploy the Pershing II and Cruise missiles in Europe. In his television debate with Giscard he said he was 'not in favour of the neutron bomb being built' — by France or by anyone else, and he rejected 'all the budgetary arrangements made by the governments against which I am fighting'. The latter statement suggests he is unlikely to take American instructions to put more money into financing a Western European arms build-up. Professor Eugene Rostow, newly nominated director of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, and General Edward Rowny, the arms control negotiator, will be obliged to repress their enthusiasm for such pet projects as abrogating the anti-ballistic missile treaty. Richard Allen, the National Security Adviser who enjoys treating the European Left as a whipping boy, may even be compelled to acquire some rhetorical discipline, as the White House watches Mitterrand, and he watches them for signs of willingness to engage in serious talks with the Kremlin.

MITTERRAND can afford to sit back and watch. If the Left wins in Norway and Greece, by the end of the year the way will be open for talks to remove nuclear weapons and 'demilitarise' the Nordic and Balkan zones, bypassing American strategy altogether.

In Greece, the desire for a Balkan agreement embracing Bulgaria, Yugoslavia, and Romania is held, not only by Papandreou's pan-Hellenic Socialist Movement, but by Constantine Caramanlis, the Greek President. Caramanlis, it should be noted, will become the principal spokesman for the European Community when Greece takes over the presidency of the EEC Council of Ministers in July 1983. In Giscard's absence, Caramanlis will also be the sole European statesman able to play mediator between East and West. There can be no doubt that if Papandreou forms a new Greek government, he will have Caramanlis's support to force the Americans to withdraw their nuclear weapons from Greece (*NS* 27.2.81). A Balkan agreement could follow quickly, with Moscow's acquiescence.

Mitterrand may also prevent the Americans from consolidating the base agreements they have been tenaciously negotiating with Spain and Portugal. One of the inducements for both to sign has been the American promise to get France to relent in its opposition to Spanish and Portuguese membership of the EEC. Without Giscard, this promise looks much less certain; Mitterrand's electoral calculus dictated unambiguous opposition to EEC entry, particularly for Spain. It will require more ingenuity than the Reagan men have yet shown to develop a formula that satisfies both the French and the Spanish, at a price the Americans can afford. A military coup d'etat in Spain, which Generalissimo Haig has had to swear he does not really favour, would certainly bolt the door to the European Community, as far as Mitterrand is concerned. □

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Part two

Who's Really Who is our alternative guide to the ruling class. Here, we show that the work has a positive, as well as a negative side. Not only do we put in things important members of the Establishment leave out (see Ponsonby of Shulbrede): we include people who are important in ways the Establishment doesn't understand (high technology, popular music). A symbol indicates people who don't have entries, even revealing ones, in the posh *Who's Who*. (Entries can, of course, be cut out and kept. But the whole work, with additions, is to be reproduced in book form.)

Corrigenda and addenda: last week, we wrongly spelt the first name of the Labour MP Syd Bidwell as 'Sid'. Also we omitted his unique record as the only person to have been a member of the Socialist Workers Party (SWP) while an MP: and the only person to have been expelled from the SWP for political deviation (his de facto support for Powellite recommendations on immigration).

Research by Anna Umbima

Entertainment: the invisible giants

A central failing of *Who's Who* is that it leaves out all sorts of people who should be in. The failing manifests itself in various ways but can be illustrated with especial clarity by way of its entries on jazz musicians. Included, for instance, is:

BRUBECK, David Warren, musician, USA; composer; *b.* Warren, Calif, 6 Dec, 1920 . . . *Educ.* Pacific Univ. (BA); Mills Coll. (postgrad) . . . formed Dave Brubeck Quartet, 1951 . . . has composed over 250 songs.

No reason why Dave Brubeck shouldn't receive his modest meed of recognition. But it's wholly absurd, then, not to have an entry for (say) the vastly more important John Lewis, a pianist of roughly the same generation, who was a founder of the Modern Jazz Quartet. A clue to the absurdity is that Brubeck happens to be white, and Lewis black.

But that's not the whole point. There is in *Who's Who* an entry for Oscar Peterson, another eminent pianist, who is black. Peterson, however, is a Canadian, and in 1973 he received the Order of Canada (OC): his appearance follows that event. The rules are that presentation of a gong by an ex-colonial government gets you in (that potent cove G. F. W. Brown, member, Melbourne Underground Railway Loop Authority, is included through having been anointed CMG) where decades of artistic eminence will not suffice. While noticing Dave Brubeck and (with official assistance) Oscar Peterson, the *Who's Who* team contrived to overlook (among others) the two scarcely obscure musicians whose entries from *Who's Really Who* are:

BASIE, Count (Bill), pianist, organist, bandleader. Born Red Bank, NJ, 1904. Studied informally with late Fats Waller, toured extensively as solo pianist, accompanist and musical director. Played with various bands, NY 1927. 1928-29 with Walter Page's Blue Devils, Kansas City; 1929-35 with Benny Moten's Kansas City Orchestra. On Moten's death, re-organised the group as the Count Basie Orchestra, which it remains (inactive 1950-1). Major concert performances began with John Hammond concerts, Carnegie Hall, NY 1937-8 (Spirituals to Swing), subsequently Newport, RI, Montreux etc. Recordings include *The Best of Basie* (1937-8); *The Blues I Like to Hear* (1938-9), with numerous performances by Young, Wells, etc; *Blues by Basie* (1940-55); *Basie Jam* (1975). Film: *The Last of the Blue Devils* (1979). Address: 174-27 Adelaide Drive, St Albans, L.I., N.Y.

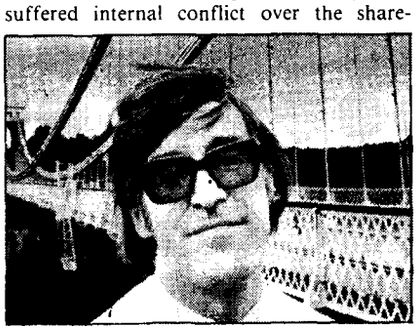
GOODMAN, Benny. Clarinettist, composer, bandleader. Born Chicago 1909, married Alice Duckworth 1941. Basic musical training from 1919 at Kehelan Jacob Synagogue, subsequently lessons with Franz Schoepp, clarinettist Chicago SO. Public debut Central Park Theatre, Chicago, 1923-4. Subsequently played with Murph Podolsky, Bix Beiderbecke, Art Kassel & the Austin High School Gang. 1925 soloist Ben Pollack band; with Pollack to 1929 (first recording, *He's The Last Word,* 1926). Freelance musician, NY, 1929-34. Formed 12-piece band 1934; Trio & Quartet 1936. (These among first US groups to include white *and* black musicians; Charlie Christian, etc). 1938 first classical recording with Budapest String Quartet: these also include *Contrasts,* commissioned from Bartok, recorded with violinist Joseph Szigeti. Band broken up due to illness, 1940, but subsequently re-formed and has toured extensively 50s, 60s and 70s. Recordings include *Bebop Spoken Here; The Complete Benny Goodman;* Goodman Trio & Quartet *Live* 1937-8; *Benny Goodman in Moscow,* Vols 1-2. Address: 200 East 66th Street, New York, NY. ▶

Technology: the 64-K Millionaire

As we've made clear, a chief complaint about the orthodox *Who's Who* is its peddles, chiefly by omission, some seriously misleading impressions about the mighty of the world. But an associated complaint is that a substantial proportion of the 25,000 entries refer to people whose importance (if it ever existed) could never have been more than decorative, symbolic or residual.

Britain is admittedly under-represented in the entrepreneurial side of high technology, but not quite as thoroughly so as you might gather from the pages of *Who's Who*. You may approve or not of the career outlined in the entry (below) from *Who's Really Who*, but it's surely a little more interesting than that of Michael Sydney Cedric Brudenell-Bruce, recorded in the other volume, who boldly inherited as 8th Marquess of Ailesbury and won his way through to membership of the Stock Exchange in 1954.

BARRON, Iann: Computer designer & entrepreneur: co-founder & executive director, Inmos Ltd; visiting Professor of Computer Science, Westfield College. Born 1936, graduated from Cambridge in mathematics & philosophy. Operational research for Army & RAF. Head of Systems Research in Elliot Automation Ltd Computer Research Laboratory to 1965. Left to found Computer Technology Ltd, which was first British firm to build mini-computers (as against 'main-frames' produced by ICL, etc). M/director CTL to 1971: the company experienced difficulty during the early-70s crisis of the British computer industry, and suffered internal conflict over the share-



holding participation of Robert Maxwell (qv). But CTL survives as a major UK producer of 'turn-key' information-processing systems for numerous applications: these include general police, Special Branch, security & defence purposes. Barron remains a CTL director.

1977: Barron and Richard Petritz (qv, formerly of Mostek, Inc) conceive the idea of launching a new company to design and manufacture a 'new generation' microprocessor (microchip) with an information-handling capacity of 64,000 'bytes' (the 64-K RAM, as against existing 4-K and 16-K designs) — and of asking the British Government to put up £50 million development capital via National Enterprise Board.

1978: Project receives approval as Inmos Ltd after controversy in Labour Cabinet, and opposition from Tory MPs. Criticism centres around arrangements under which Barron, Petritz and third founder Dr Paul Schroeder (qv, formerly designer of Mostek 16-K RAM) are each to receive a 5% Inmos shareholding for payment of £30,000 apiece. Each of these holdings could achieve a value of around £5 million if Inmos achieves its targets — but large financial risk born by UK taxpayer. Further criticism centres around the fact that Petritz and Schroeder, as US citizens, will be paid outside UK. Barron argues successfully that this entrepreneurial reward is necessary to ensure a British presence in the mass-production microchip industry.

Inmos sued by Mostek in US courts: claiming that Barron-Petritz scheme, especially tempting away of Schroeder and other Mostek technologists with UK public money, represents 'unfair competition'. Suit rejected.

1979-80. Inmos survives ideological disapproval of new Tory government, and fights off suggestions from Civil Service that GEC Ltd, led by Lord Weinstock (qv) should be allowed to take over Inmos research & manufacturing base. Late 1980: Inmos commences marketing of specialised 16-K chip, and predicts that 64-K RAM will be available 'late 1981'.

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▶ The gaze which *Who's Who* focuses upon pop music is quite as bleary as the one applied to jazz. One can, just about, qualify by means of Himalayan eminence — so Paul McCartney is in — or by means of Establishment decoration — therefore Cliff Richard, OBE, is also in. But this leaves out Mick Jagger of the *Rolling Stones,* Pete Townshend of *The Who,* Bob Dylan and Elton John.

And, of course, if you are going to include pop musicians, you must make some attempt to come to terms with one of the central points about them: their frequently gigantic wealth. **Paul McCartney**'s self-compiled entry runs to 9.5 centimetres, of which (after a rough outline of his career), 6.5cm is merely a list of song titles. From *Who's Really Who* you can glean at least some idea of his standing as a capitalist.

1978. Estimated to have earned £22 million. As a major music publisher, owns the rights to *Hello Dolly, A Chorus Line, Annie, Grease,* and the songs of Buddy Holly.

1979: negotiates new contract, believed to be the most profitable in show business history. Columbia (US rights) and EMI (elsewhere) agree to pay £10 million over three years for next three albums, plus 22 per cent cut on sales. (Royalties from his Beatles songs estimated to be £20m to date.)

1980: Held in Japan on charge of trying to smuggle ½lb of marijuana. Freed after 10 days.

House in St John's Wood and 600-acre farm on Mull of Kintyre.

Law: liberty, clarity and taxation

A continuous purpose in *Who's Really Who* is, as we explained last week, to dispose of the respectable fiction that all barristers are identical. These notes are not meant to be read to the particular credit or discredit of any of the learned advocates in question: the intention is merely to give their potential customers some idea of their form.

Our pair of QCs this week come from two areas of the law in which, on the whole, practitioners do not 'change sides' quite as often as elsewhere.

NS **BLOM-COOPER, Louis,** QC. Civil-liberties advocate and publicist. Born 1926, educated at universities of London, Amsterdam and Cambridge. Twice married, six children. Called 1954, QC 1970, Bencher of Middle Temple 1978. Joint director of Legal Research Unit, Bedford College, since 1967; chairman Howard League for Penal Reform since 1973. Legal correspondent of the *Observer* and joint editor of Common Market Law Reports. Author of numerous books, including *Final Appeal,* an account of the House of Lords.

1971: deported from Tanzania, where he had gone to represent two brothers given life imprisonment for a coup attempt.

1974: acts for 'Black Power' leader Michael X (Michael de Freitas) in attempt to prevent Trinidad Govt. executing him for murder. Unsuccessful.

1979: As Amnesty delegate, presents plea against execution of deposed leader Zulfikhar Ali Bhutto to Pakistan Supreme Court. Unsuccessful.

1980: Defends Zimbabwe minister Edward Tekere against charge of murder resulting from shooting of a white farmer after independence. Obtains acquittal under law drafted by Smith regime giving government leaders immunity against consequences of acts committed while combating terrorism.

1980: Finds loophole enabling Operation Julie drugs gang to hang onto their loot after conviction. He is a London JP, and Head of his Chambers.

NS **POTTER, Donald,** QC. Tax-avoidance craftsman; generally acts against the Revenue. Born 1922, educated LSE. Assistant Lecturer, LSE, 1947; called to Bar 1948; QC 1972; Bencher of Lincoln's Inn 1979. Author of *Tax Planning with Precedents,* 1954.

Argued 1979 case of Essex & others v the Revenue on the grounds that tax notices addressed to his clients were 'ambiguous and obscure', characterising them as 'gobbledogook'. Bench acknowledges Potter's 'powerful and persuasive arguments' for clarity, but dismisses the case with costs.

1980: Final success in House of Lords for Potter representing David Frost (qv) against the Revenue. A scheme had been composed to enable Frost to remain resident in Britain while avoiding British tax on his overseas earnings. Frost's solicitors sent to Trust Corporation of the Bahamas a draft for a partnership agreement between Frost and a Bahamian company: on 8 February 1967, Pembina Investment Co, a 'shell' owned by the Trust Corporation, changed its name to Leander Productions and entered partnership with Frost on 17 February. The partnership's income was derived from Frost's US TV earnings: 'Leander', the company, owned 1 per cent of the partnership's assets and 5 per cent of its profits, while the rest belonged to Frost. In 1969 Leander, advised by the Trust Corporation, made a deal with a Curacao company which was owned by a Bahamas company under which those two concerns were entitled to exploit all Leander's assets, and thenceforward Frost's US earnings were paid to them. Potter argued that this was a perfectly simple case in which the business of a partnership was carried on outside the UK despite the fact that 'some' of its members might be resident there. This clipped the Revenue of £146,849, upheld in 1980 by the Lords, although the device employed was outlawed by legislation in 1974.

Also 1980: Potter appeared in the Appeal Court for Mr and Mrs Berry, who lived in the Bahamas, had made a trust fund in order to avoid death duties, and were being sued for capital gains tax on property and gifts they had settled into the trust. 'As Mr Potter submits' said Oliver, LJ, dumping the Revenue's case, 'it is a dangerous guide to seek to construe a taxing statute by looking for logic'. Also acts for Vestey family (qv).

Business: the Fabian financier

PONSONBY OF SHULBREDE, 3rd Baron cr 1930 . . . **Thomas Arthur Ponsonby;** Chairman, London Tourist Board, since 1976, *b* 23 Oct. 1930 . . . *Educ:* St Ronan's Sch; Bryanston, Hertford Coll. Oxford. Councillor, 1956-65, Alderman, 1964-74, Royal Borough of Kensington & Chelsea; Leader, Labour Group, 1968-73. GLC: Alderman, 1970-77 . . . Chairman, Greater London Citizens Advice Bureaux Service Ltd, 1977; Age Concern Greater London, 1977 . . . Bd of Trustees, Community Projects Foundation, 1978-. Chmn, Charity Law Reform Cttee, 1974-. **Dir. Kendal & Dent Ltd 1977** —. Contested (Lab) Heston & Isleworth, general election 1959. Fabian Society . . . Gen Sec 1964-76 . . . Governor, London School of Economics . . .

The emphasis on the Kendal and Dent entry is ours. There is no mention of this post in the 1981 *Who's Who* entry for Lord Ponsonby, who represents the Labour/Fabian aristocracy and municipal panjandrumate in classical form. The following extract from *Who's Really Who* will be useful to those seeking an explanation:

Became a director of Kendal & Dent in 1977. This merchant bank had become inactive by 1975, when it was bought by a Portuguese entrepreneur named Perestrello; its only assets being certain banking licences. Perestrello owned a financial company, COFIL, in Portugal, and a right-wing political magazine. He offered through Kendal & Dent a guaranteed 10.38% interest on current accounts (which bear no interest in normal banking) by converting money into silver ingots. Customers in Britain were mainly Portuguese workers in tourist & catering industries. In Portugal, COFIL had many wealthy clients anxious to get money out of the country: Kendal & Dent co-operated in this via complex exchange-rate juggling which was subsequently criticised in the High Court.

Ponsonby received £300 for each board-meeting attended: also serving on the board were Sir Rowland Whitehead, Bt, and Jorge Jardim (qv), ex-Governor of Mozambique in the Salazar dictatorship. June 1979: Kendal & Dent compulsorily wound up after High Court proceedings which found that the bank had breached the Companies Act, the Protection of Depositors Act and the exchange-control regulations. Deputy-Judge Allan Heyman said: 'This is a company from whose activities the public must be protected.' The accounts showed deposit liabilities of £7.4 million against silver-stocks of only £3.8 million.

1980: Perestrello opens a branch of Interbank, a financial operation based in the West Indies, offering its customers 'sovereign accounts' backed by gold. The London operations of Interbank are conducted from Kendal & Dent's former offices, and Lord Ponsonby is vice-president at a salary of £12,000 pa.

NEXT WEEK

The chief theme will be entries dealing with aspects of the Whitehall mandarinate. Plus more dodgy business episodes, parliamentary curiosities, artistocratic landownings, users' notes on lawyers etc.

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DEPTFORD FIRE

Credibility gap

After the inquest jury's open verdict, JOANNA ROLLO sums up the evidence

'DEATH', SAID CORONER DAVIES, summing up the inquest, 'does not look at the colour of a man's skin when it strikes.'

During the last days of the inquest, Commander Stockwell told the jury: 'Within days I was quite happy the fire was caused by an inside agency.' His reasons were that forensic scientists found no firebomb container in the room; that the curtains drawn across the window would have prevented anything reaching the centre of the room where the fire was 'seated'; and that there was no evidence of an outside arson attack.

In the witness box, police forensic scientist Peter Pugh said a plastic container 'could have been totally consumed in the fire' especially if it had landed on a chair. Mrs Ruddock, Ardleigh Forbes, Joseph Hall and Colin Gordon said the first things they saw on fire were the curtains and a chair to the right of the window. Andy Hastings sat facing that window for two hours before the fire. There was a two-foot gap in the curtains through which he could see into the street. When the fire started he rushed back to the room and saw a football-sized hole in the middle of the window. On the day of the fire these eye-witnesses told the police what they'd seen.

Peter Pugh told the inquest there was no evidence of a hole in the window. But he had only found a third of the glass. He had seen 'no point' in collecting glass from outside to try to piece the window together.

Two and a half months after the fire Mr Busby, a government scientist 'expert in the effects of things being thrown through windows', was asked to carry out tests by the police. He said a container thrown through a gap in the brocade curtains *could* have landed on furniture by the window and sprayed its contents into the centre of the room.

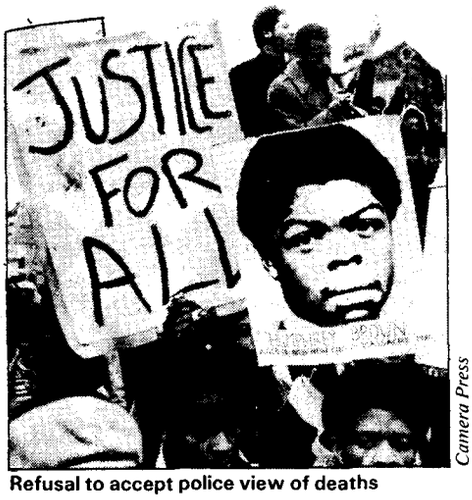
Within hours of the fire an 'incendiary device' was found in the front garden. It was an aluminium tube containing traces of sodium chlorate (a common weedkiller) and sugar, which Mr Pugh described as an explosive mixture. He found slight traces of burning inside, but no evidence the tube had been in the front room. The tube had been taped at both ends; similar tape had been found in the front room after the fire.

The Coroner suggested the tube was a 'red herring'; Major Henderson, Scotland Yard explosives officer, said it was 'an amateurish attempt at a firework'; Mr Pugh said it was 'an awful coincidence' to find it outside the house. Mr Higgs, from the Royal Arsenal Explosive Laboratory, described it as 'the most common form of incendiary device.' He conducted tests to see whether the inflammable liquid found in the room could have been ignited accidentally by the gas fire. He concluded that it couldn't.

Carl Wright, Frank Grossett, Everton Grossett and Louise Willison left the party just before the fire and walked towards New Cross Station. This is what they saw in the next few minutes. A man got out of an Austin Princess parked outside the house. He walked to the pavement and stood facing the front room window. He then made a throwing action 'like an American baseball pitcher' towards the window. Simultaneously the teenagers heard a crash of breaking glass. The man got back in his car, did a U-turn and drove down Mornington Road, narrowly missing Frank Grossett as he sped past. Seconds later flames burst from the front room window.

Commander Stockwell was 'quite satisfied' that this man was Mr Peter Daniels. Mr Daniels said that as he was driving past the house he noticed a fire in the window and stopped to warn the occupants.

He went up the steps to the front door and pushed it open. In the hall he saw 'a lot of coloured people and some whites, walking about aimlessly as though they were zombies'. He didn't warn them about the fire but decided to report it to Deptford Police station. None of the people at the party saw Mr Daniels standing in the doorway of the house. As he turned to go, the front room window shattered. Mr Daniels did not then



Camera Press

Refusal to accept police view of deaths

make a throwing motion. He 'ducked'. He wasn't on the pavement facing the house but by the steps and facing away from it.

The car Carl Wright and his friends described was a white Austin Princess with a black Vinyl roof and a roof rack. Mr Daniels' car is an Austin Princess, 'metallic gold with a brown stripe on top' and no roof rack. The teenagers described the man as young, slim, tallish, with short curly ginger hair. Mr Daniels is in his forties, he is stocky and shortish. His hair is straight and brown.

Commander Stockwell told the inquest he had not reconstructed this scene with the eye-witnesses to see if they could identify Mr Daniels. 'Why not?' asked one of the families' barristers. 'I just didn't.'

The police offered the inquest just one explanation of the fire. It was contained in statements taken on 24, 25 and 26 February from five black men in their teens.

Wayne Downer was the first in the witness box. His 27-page statement told the following story. Just before the fire, a number of boys had gone into the front room. Owen Thompson and Errol Leiba had a fight. Owen then slashed two pouffes by the fireplace with a knife. He kicked over a coffee table in the middle of the room and a pint-sized container of clear liquid with a 'diesel-ish smell' flew into the air and spilt on the floor. The boys then ransacked the room looking for things to steal. Owen said 'Let's set the place alight'. The fire began five to ten minutes later. Afterwards the boys all agreed to say nothing about this; Owen Thompson died in the fire.

Under oath Wayne Downer told the inquest none of this had happened. So did the other four, whose statements contained a similar story. 'Why did you say these things if they weren't true', the Coroner asked Wayne Downer. 'I've got a court case coming up', said Wayne 'and I was told I wasn't leaving the police station until I told them what they wanted to know.'

All five were on bail at the time. They had broken their curfew by attending the party. They said the police threatened to hold them until the trials. Fifteen-year-old Errol Williams said: 'They told me I wouldn't go home unless I said I was in the front room, so I decided to tell lies.'

All said the crucial details in their statements came from the police. Leroy Saunders was shown Wayne Downer's statement and repeated its detail. 'Sergeant Cork said he'd break my neck if I didn't make a statement. He said he'd charge me with conspiracy to pervert the course of justice.' When Leroy denied being in the front room Cork said he was lying. Only when Leroy repeated the details of Wayne's statement did Cork say 'that sounds like the truth'.

All the boys were held for questioning without being charged or arrested, some for up to three days. When they weren't being questioned they were kept in the cells. Once they'd 'confessed' they were released.

Two other boys, Errol and Derek Leiba were held for the same time, both for three days. Both refused to say there was a fight. Neither boy was on a charge of any kind. They were only released when the police were threatened with a Habeas Corpus writ.

Many of the minor details and descriptions in the boys' statements conflicted. Nor did the statements tally with other evidence. No knife had been found among Owen Thompson's possessions. Mrs Ruddock said that the pouffes were damaged months before the fire. Forensic tests showed the liquid spilt on the carpet wasn't 'diesel', but aromatic paint thinners. The contents of the drawers the boys supposedly rifled were intact after the fire. Several teenagers had been in the passageway getting ready to leave when the fight was allegedly taking place. All said there was no fight and none of these boys was in the front room.

Until the fire started, Mrs Ruddock and other adults were sitting in the kitchen separated from the front room by a thin hardboard partition through which everything in the room could be heard. Every adult said they heard no fight in the front room.

Angela Jackson and Andy Hastings were sitting in the front room up until 5.30 am, only ten minutes before the fire started. The boys' statements said that after they left the front room they went upstairs for five or ten minutes before the fire. If so, the fighting and ransacking must have taken place while Angela Jackson and Andy Hastings were in the room. Both said there was no fight and none of the boys was in there. □

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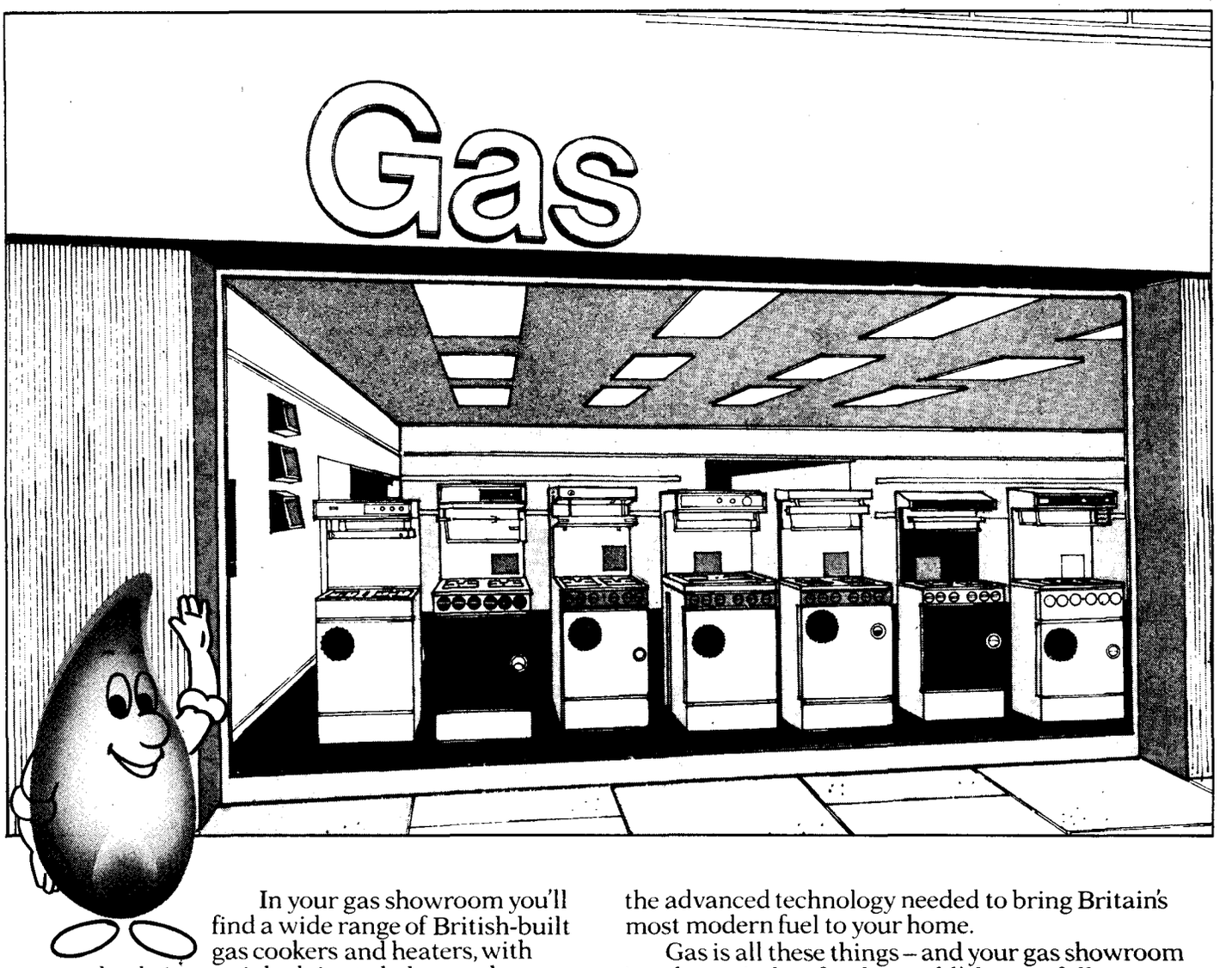

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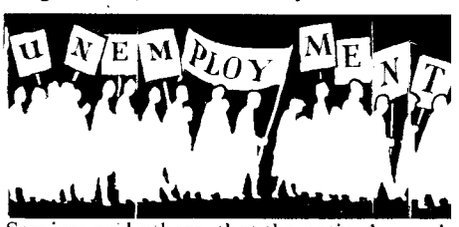
Kids used as cheap labour

PATRICK WINTOUR on the crisis facing the MSC

A MAJOR PLAN to overhaul youth training will be published next week by the Manpower Services Commission. It aims to introduce a new one-year traineeship for all 16-year-old school leavers, combining work experience, skill training and vocational education. It includes a reform of the apprenticeship system, opening it to older people as well as to 16-year-olds, and basing qualification on the achievement of standards rather than on the length of time served (a major union concession). In addition, opportunities to increase skills later in life are to be extended and made available alike to the employed, the unemployed and parents returning to work.

The document, entitled *New Training Initiative* admits that the current Youth Opportunities Programme is hopelessly inadequate; it treats the symptom rather than the cause of the problem, and shores up an edifice whose 'foundations are collapsing'. 'The plain fact of the matter,' says the MSC, 'is that the scale and nature of events is running ahead of the capabilities of institutions, private or public, to deal with them.'

The new plan comes at a time when pressure is mounting in some quarters to introduce compulsory service for young people. With the careers service predicting that one million school leavers will be looking for work this summer, a strong alternative is required to suggestions, from Tory MP Hugh Fraser, Nicholas Stacey of Kent Social



Services and others, that the nation's youth be conscripted into some kind of cut-price welfare army (if not into the army itself).

But the MSC document glosses over two vital points: who will pay and how will the plan be enforced? There have evidently been some fierce arguments behind the scenes. In a covering note to the MSC board, chairman Richard O'Brien explains that his 'top priority' has been to arrive at a document which the whole commission can support: 'It is essential to the MSC's authority and standing that we should now reach agreement.'

An earlier draft, discussed last autumn, went into detail about 'responsibility for funding apprenticeships being assumed by government,' along continental lines. It proposed that employers 'be encouraged by grants to provide more training', and that the government should remit immediately all national insurance payments made for 16-17 year olds in employment, in order to provide £300 million a year for training. It estimated that by 1990 further education colleges would need another £300 million, to cater for 600,000 trainees.

The agreed document merely states that since everyone would benefit, everyone should pay. Employers have already been bitterly resisting the transfer of £50 million training costs from the state to industry, and will not welcome the observation that the three new proposals will 'increase their costs'. Trainees are also likely to pay. The paper points to the German example where apprentices are paid less than half the rate of a skilled worker.

On enforcement, the earlier draft observed that some people thought 'many employers, on whose initiative so much depends, are dissuaded from investing in training by the fear that their competitors will not do so'. 'In Europe,' it pointed out, 'statutory underpinning is necessary to secure developments.' But the final plan does not include legislation along these lines.

The need for action is made painfully apparent by the crisis facing the Youth Opportunities Programme. When this began in 1978, one in ten school leavers (160,000) needed to use it; this summer the figure will be nearer one in two, or 500,000. The recession also means that fewer kids are getting jobs afterwards. The rate of job placement from YOP has fallen from 69 per cent in September 1978 to 38 per cent.

Last autumn the MSC told the unions: 'The position is serious. In October there were more than twice as many youne people (95,000) as last year who are eligible [for training] and who have not yet had an offer. There are fewer than half as many vacancies (19,762) as last year.' Despite this, James Prior flourished his New Deal for Youth, in November 1980 — guaranteeing a YOP place for every school leaver by the end of 1981 and a place by Easter 1982 for all 16-17 year olds who had been unemployed for more than three months. This places an impossible burden on the Programme, and means that corners will be drastically cut.

Two years ago there were 1,190 staff to deal with 216,000 young people entering the Programme. This year there are some 1,700 staff, but they will have to cope with 450,000. They have two tasks: to find sponsors and places for the trainees, and then to monitor them to ensure that proper training is provided. If employers' offers are accepted without proper appraisal, the danger is that kids will be used as cheap labour, and be given no training at all.

Three quarters of YOP places offered to kids take the form of work experience on employers premises (WEEP). These are the cheapest to operate, and also the most controversial. Few regard them as real training but rather as an extra hand for £23.50 a week. Indeed the EEC refuses to fund it for that reason. More and more unions and trades councils are objecting to WEEP as 'substitution', a form of exploita-

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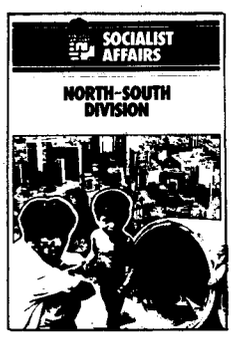

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tive cheap labour that is driving down the market rate for young people's wages, masking cuts in public services and throwing fully-waged employees out of work. In recent months the accusations and evidence have piled up alarmingly. On 10 April the MSC provided the civil service unions with a paper defending themselves against accusations of substitution, attaching a survey which showed that it occurred on 'only' 30 per cent of WEEP places. In fact the survey of 302 WEEP sponsors, undertaken in January 1980 by the British Market Research Bureau, merely showed that 30 per cent of those surveyed *admitted* they were breaking MSC guidelines and using WEEP as a source of cheap labour. The unions presume a thorough investigation would show at least 50 per cent substitution.

Union sources say that serious monitoring of WEEP schemes ended over a year ago. By last September a massive backlog of 11,982 monitoring visits had piled up. Recent cuts in staff travel allowances are making visits even less frequent. This week MSC officials told their Board: 'The expansion of YOP and the relatively small numbers of staff have shown us it is not possible to maintain a monitoring programme which treats all schemes alike.' MSC will now have only sporadic and random monitoring of the 80,000 WEEP schemes.

Substitution can be reduced by unions monitoring schemes themselves, or organising YOP workers, as NUPE proposes. However, all this is difficult since kids on WEEP schemes are widely scattered in small and non-unionised workplaces.

As this week's MSC board papers say: 'The most effective answer to the substitution problem is improving the quality of YOP. If sponsors have more stringent requirements placed upon them, those who are tempted to abuse YOP will be frightened off.' In his November statement Prior did promise to improve the quality of YOP: 'We are trying to work towards the point where every 16 or 17 year old not in education or a job will be assured of vocational preparation lasting as necessary up to his or her 18th birthday.' The statement was placed in the context of the forthcoming New Training Initiative. All this was met with glee by lobbyists but since then there has been disillusionment. Clare Short of Youthaid says: 'Either Prior has misled us or else he did not understand what he was saying.' It was certainly odd to make this statement at a time when he was dismantling the Industrial Training Boards.

A paper presented to the MSC board in January effectively admits that little can be done to improve the training element of YOP for this year's intake; but by next year the MSC hopes 'to move from amassing numbers of opportunities to the management of YOP and young people passing through the programme.' Each course would have to ensure a YOP trainee left with a basic inventory of skills, the achievement of which would be acknowledged by a 'certificate or passport to employment.' The paper also advocates each person's training being planned within a broad framework of one of 11 specially designed clusters of related jobs and skills. These will be ready next year, little comfort for 200,000 school leavers joining the job hunt this month.

LEBANON

Reagan's proxy shoot-out

HELENA COBBAN looks at who's gunning for power

NEWS FROM BEIRUT bodes ill for the latest American diplomatic initiative on Lebanon. If State Department envoy Philip Habib's attempt to resolve the Syrian missile crisis fails, not only may it bring the Levant closer to the brink of limited war, but it could also mark a significant defeat for the few remaining foreign policy liberals in the Reagan administration.

Mr John Gunther Dean, for example, is a courteous, old-style East Coast American aristocrat, who since October 1978 has been US Ambassador in Beirut. He has, throughout his term, advocated strengthening the central Lebanese government and army as the only force eventually capable of taking over from the heavily-armed Lebanese warlords right and left. He has succeeded for more than two years in keeping a lid on the country's enormous contradictions.

But Ronald Reagan's election victory last November brought the hawks circling round Mr Dean's liberal head. Generally speaking, the hawks advocate strengthening not the government in Lebanon, with all the knotty problems that entails, but rather the right-wing Christian militias there, with their potential as a strike force against the Palestinians and Syrians — while giving a freer hand to Israel in its pursuit of the same end. One of the hawks' first actions was serving notice on Mr Dean that he was on the same infamous Reagan team blacklist of liberals as the former Ambassador to El Salvador.

Mr Dean at one point hoped that his old friend Secretary of State Alexander Haig might back his presence and his policy in Lebanon. Such was not to be, especially after General Haig found himself, at the end of March, in the centre of his own struggle for power back in Washington. Then, Haig's carefully balanced military man's view of the Middle East had to be modified to compete with that of the President's openly pro-Israeli National Security Adviser, Richard Allen; the Israelis stepped up their commitment to Lebanon's Falangists; and it was confirmed to us in Beirut that John Gunther Dean was indeed shortly to be transferred.

The pressure then soared, through April, inside the Lebanese boiler. The monthly tally of (dead) victims of political violence among Lebanon's three million residents rose from its average of between 50 and 100 over the past two years, to around 400 during April. Both Syria and Israel were drawn in closer, bringing their war-by-proxy to the brink of direct confrontation.

It was serious enough to ring alarm bells in the State Department. On 22 April, Mr Dean was recalled for urgent consultations in Washington. The result of those and other talks was another apparent zig-zag from the American capital: to give Mr Dean's 'liberal' approach to the Lebanese tangle one last chance. Mr Habib was despatched to the capitals concerned; and dur-

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ing the diplomatic interlude which he won (with the help of the Soviets) his policy seemed to accord closely with what Mr Dean himself might have advised. In Lebanon, Mr Habib begged the local parties to start a serious search for national entente, asking the Falange, in particular, to find some way of co-existing with the Syrian security presence, which the State Department considers will be necessary in parts of Lebanon for some time to come.

But it seemed in Beirut at the weekend that the Habib mission was on the point of failure. The Falange felt cheated by the repetition of American advice to come to terms with the Syrians; and the Syrians seemed in no mood to step down over the deployment of the (outdated) SAM missiles which had been the immediate cause of the diplomatic flurry. Syrian allies in Lebanon were openly welcoming the failure of US conciliation efforts, and ready to face whatever blow-up may follow.

In a way, the impotence of Habib and the whole State Department in the matter was already indicated by the lack of any clear, over-all American policy towards the two main protagonists. In the case of Israel, the Reagan administration has delayed the formulation of a policy until the results of this June's Israeli elections are known. And the US has been paralysed in all dealings with Syria ever since the Camp David accords omitted (at Mr Begin's express insistence) any mention of the fate of the Israeli-occupied portion of Syrian national territory, the Golan Heights.

So with the US hamstrung by its own abstention from superpower responsibility in the Levant, the future of the region is left largely to the whim of its main local components — two heavily-armed nations ruled by hard-bitten governments now fighting for their lives. *Ad hoc* diplomacy can provide, at best, only palliatives in such a situation. And there is no proof positive from Washington that the Reagan administration is fully committed even to this; rumours multiply in Beirut that other, more sinister, organs of the US government are waiting in the wings, expressly for the diplomats' effort to fail.

The struggle for power currently unfolding in Lebanon is thus not only between Syria and Israel; nor is it mainly, as is the instant wisdom of the pundits, a Soviet-provoked battle of wills with the US. In a real way, it is a struggle between two opposed currents of thinking within US officialdom itself.

The Syrians would seem to have secured quite firm approval from their Soviet friends for their current stand in Lebanon — the Soviets presumably seeing little need to rein in the Syrians in Lebanon so long as they themselves are excluded, along with the Syrians, from the major Middle Eastern ball-game. And equally important for Damascus, any escalation of Israeli-Syrian tension in Lebanon should soften the strident criticism of Syria heard in other Arab capitals: there are some signs it has already done so.

Back in Lebanon, some of Mr Dean's friends have begun to fear he may be forced to abandon Lebanon to a fate similar to that which befell Cambodia when he left the Phnom Penh embassy in 1975. □

Diary

FRANCIS WHEEN

■ What finally convinced me that Francois Mitterrand was going to win was my discovery last week that Pierre Poujade, the old original Poujadist, had declared his support for the Socialist candidate. Poujade is about as far right as you can go without toppling off the edge of sanity; if the anti-Giscard coalition was as wide as that, I thought, Francois can't fail. I cheered the socialist victory as loudly as anyone (although not at the French Embassy in Knightsbridge, where a distinct *froideur* descended as the results came through), but I must admit that my main cause for rejoicing was a rather negative one — the expulsion of Giscard, rather than the elevation of Mitterrand. The French Presidency is such a powerful office that if Giscard had hung on to it for another seven years I feel reasonably certain that he really would have become the reincarnation of the absolute monarchs he so admires.

■ I'm not particularly fond of the phrase 'You want to have your cake and eat it' (why else would one want a cake?), but it kept popping into my mind last week as I listened to spokespeople for the Social Democratic Party offering their analysis of the local election results. When it seemed that the candidacy of social democrat Stephen Haseler might have been instrumental in preventing the election of 'Red' Ted Knight, the SDP were perfectly happy to take credit for 'keeping out the extremists'. But when the votes for social democrats were shamefully low (as they were almost everywhere else), the SDP folk simply shrugged their shoulders and said: 'Well you must understand that the SDP itself wasn't contesting this election — these candidates were not endorsed by us.' Yes, yes, of course. However, as I suggested on this page two months ago, most electors would be unlikely to appreciate the nice distinction between candidates who stand as 'Social Democrats' and candidates who stand under the banner of the Social Democratic Party — especially since the candidates themselves did nothing to clarify matters. I have before me the election address of Douglas Eden, who stood in my constituency last week. It begins thus:

DOUGLAS EDEN
SOCIAL DEMOCRAT
Candidate

DOUGLAS EDEN is a Founder and Member of the new SOCIAL DEMOCRATIC PARTY (SDP) launched on 26th March this year.

Neat juxtaposition, eh? He doesn't actually say that he is the SDP candidate, but he doesn't say that he isn't. I think it is therefore reasonable to assume that anyone who wished to support the SDP would have voted for these 'social democratic' types last week. And if the social democrats can't even come near to winning a seat on a local council, what price their huff and puff about forming the next government of Britain?

■ As oafs go, Winston Churchill MP is a prize specimen; so you should be pleased but not surprised to hear that he has been making a ninny of himself again. When Labour won control of Greater Manchester last week the new leader of the council, Bernard Clarke, told the *Manchester Evening News* that the city's police chief, James Anderton, should 'keep out of politics'. Unexceptionable enough, you might think; indeed rather tame if anything, as Cllr Clarke went on to say that he had no criticism to make of Anderton's policing methods, he merely objected to Anderton's frequent red-baiting speeches. Still, it was enough for a front-page scare story in the following day's *Sunday Express*, in which Young Winston made a vigorous counter-attack on Cllr Clarke: 'It is an unfortunate fact of Labour Party politics that too many who reach high office in the Labour Party are anti-police . . . The lunatic Left, riding high in the Labour Party — particularly in the big cities — includes an ugly minority of Communists, Marxists and Trotskyists who are against the police and the rule of law.' All very well, except that Cllr Clarke (who, by the way, is neither Communist nor Marxist nor Trotskyist) has two sons who are constables in the Manchester police force.

■ A final oddity from the local elections. Following Labour's takeover of the Greater London Council last week, Bryn Davies became leader of the Inner London Education Authority. One of his political colleagues told me: 'We were astounded when Bryn said he wanted to run for the ILEA leadership. He'd never expressed much interest in education before.' Stranger still is the fact that at a meeting of his local Labour Party last year, when someone suggested the

Roger Woddis

All end in tears

'France seems bound for unavoidable decline so long as he (Mitterrand) remains her President.' — Daily Telegraph.

What a wonderful word is democracy!
(From *demos*, the people, in Greek).
How vibrant the voice of the masses
When using their freedom to speak,
But oh, how they seem to abuse it,
As some of them did last week!

We are saddened by France in her madness,
A country of culture and wine,
Now turning aside from her greatness
And bound for a certain decline.
How wicked to grow pearls of freedom
And cast them in front of swine!

Or look at the punters in Britain
Who burned their electoral boats:
We warned them the Marxists were coming
And soon would be cutting their throats.
They nodded and smiled in agreement —
But look where they put their votes.

If only the people would listen
And learn where their interests belong,
They'd know that their forces were feeble
And those who ruled over them strong.
What a terrible thing is democracy,
When something goes badly wrong!

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setting up of a creche to enable members with children to attend meetings more easily, he replied: 'There's no point in asking me about it. I hate children.'

■ While on the subject of education, I'd like to draw your attention to a slim but admirable report published this week by the Centre for Contemporary Studies, an outfit run by former Labour MP Eric Moonman. Called *Nazis In The Playground,* it suggests that recruitment of school pupils by racist groups is going on at an alarming rate, but that most teachers and local authorities seem pretty unconcerned. I was particularly struck by this quote from a young racist:

> I keep telling the old man this is not the Nazis he stood against. The swastika now stands for anti-black. That's what it's there for. It puts the fear into people.

The CCS can be contacted at 163/175 Shoreditch High Street, London E1. Meanwhile, it is my duty to inform you that John Tyndall, head of the New National Front, has taken up jogging. 'I go for a five-mile run twice a week and perform regular press-ups,' he writes in the May issue of his magazine *Spearhead.* Just to prove it, the paper prints a photo of the track-suited *führer* trotting along the pavement near his home in Hove, Sussex. Another titbit to be added to my bulging 'anti-jog' file.

■ Mike Leigh's new play *Goose-Pimples* has managed to upset both the Foreign Office and certain sections of the Left. The FO are worried because the Saudi Arabians have taken offence at the Arab character, played by Anthony Sher, who goes to a woman's flat thinking it to be a brothel and then becomes extremely drunk. In his defence, Mike Leigh says that the Arab is a sympathetic character, and the real objects of the play's scorn are the English women and men who *make* the Arab drunk and also bully him in other ways. At this stage some socialists take up the baton and point out that the English people who are being mocked are lower-middle-class; therefore the play is 'snobbish'. I must confess that I have admired Mike Leigh's work for a long time, and both these criticisms seem to me wrong. If it's all right for him to poke fun at middle-class health freaks (as in *Nuts In May*) or upper-middle-class stockbrokers (as in *Who's Who*), why should croupiers, car salesmen or Arab businessmen be exempt? The proper reason for avoiding the play is much more simple: *Goose-Pimples* is thin and boring and far too long. Save your money for Mike Leigh's next production in which, one earnestly hopes, he will have returned to his former splendour.

This England

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Travelling in the (18 seat) upper deck of a Jumbo, sharing one steward (and one loo), no hustle, no rush — it has to be the best way to travel for those of us who cannot yet afford our own executive jet. — *Financial Times* (R. Gray)

Mr Geoff Barry, representing the agency organising the events, said: 'The girls will appear topless because they will be judged in a serious way like an old master painting or a great work of art.' — *Daily Telegraph* (G. Moor)

Keep still

Arthur Marshall

I RATHER regret the disappearance, in our currently speed-geared lives, of a leisurely form of theatrical entertainment that was popular with Victorians and Edwardians and which lasted on well into the 1920s. I recall as a boy many evenings of delight with my paternal grandmother in the theatre at Colchester, and similar outings to the Alexandra Hall, Ilfracombe (maternal grandfather), and I am referring of course to programmes of *tableaux vivants.* These might be anything from Death of Nelson to Coronation of Elizabeth I and involved a number of persons, keen amateurs all, rigging elaborately up in correct period clothes, usually from Clarksons, and adopting postures to represent, preferably, some well-known painting. They then held their positions as motionlessly as possible, the curtain was raised, they were bathed in footlights and limelights, pink predominating, and a loyal storm of applause greeted them. The length of time that the curtain remained up depended entirely on the extent to which the cast was seen to be wobbling. Items held aloft — Elizabeth's crown, perhaps, or a gladiator's sword bravely brandished and with togaed Roman onlookers wearing scornful expressions and doing a thumbs down — were difficult to keep steady and when these potential wobbles were present one had to look pretty sharp about drinking it all visually in before the curtain swooshed down relentlessly and hid the pictorial treat from sight. There was then a mad scamper backstage to prepare for the next *tableau* ('Ethel, you're standing on my wimple').

Sometimes the *tableaux vivants* took place before a background of draped curtains and one scene could therefore follow another without too much delay, When Did You Last See Your Father? gliding into Sentence of Death with barely a hiccough, but at Colchester they went in for full sets of scenery and here the waits were longish though the audience were kept on their toes by the sounds of busy activity behind the curtain — shufflings and bangings and hammerings and thuds and muted cries of anguish ('The ruddy thing's stuck!'). And being seated alongside my grandmother was always a pleasure and at *tableaux vivants* she was constantly trying to identify the players for, apart from a printed list of appetite-whetting *tableaux,* no names were provided ('I *think* that Queen Elizabeth must have been Mrs Fairfax's younger sister, of whom we've been hearing so much, and the fallen gladiator was definitely that new man, Mr Crocker, at Barclays'). I have said before that our senses of humour ran along parallel and slightly reprehensible lines and we both greatly enjoyed and looked out for Signs of Wobble. I remember a merry moment in a Roman orgy scene (though it certainly wasn't called that on the programme) when a bunch of grapes held up in a shaking hand suddenly released one of its nutritious purple globules which came plopping down into the mouth open below it. My grandmother shook to such an extent that our row of seats wobbled too.

One Christmas holidays at Ilfracombe I was pressed into service and required to take part in one of a series of Scenes from Dickens. I forget precisely in which one I figured but, dressed as, what else, a perky lad of 10, I sat at a tea-table while my mother, voluminously garbed and with a mob-cap, made to dispense tea from a large brown tea-pot held, perilously, aloft and at the ready (not a wobble out of her for a full forty seconds). There were other partakers of tea to be seen motionless here and there and you might think that, for a wildly stage-struck boy, this appearance represented some sort of exciting theatrical treat. Not at all. I was much put out by having no words to say, no movements to make. Proper stage actors didn't just sit there, still and silent, did they? Well then! I considered myself, odious and spoilt even then, already a seasoned performer, having appeared before the public as a mouse, Hiawatha, a French doctor in a farcical frog sketch called *'Malade, hein?',* and as a Jolly Jack Tar, complete with hornpipe dance, all of them roles involving speech, movement and clear diction. I had even secured a laugh in *'Malade, hein?'* with a piece of business in which I applied my stethoscope to a lady invalid's chest and did much rolling of the eyes at the sounds to be heard down it.

In case my recollections of *tableaux vivants* inspire you to get some up on your own account and to begin hunting about for suitable paintings to copy with living figures, let me just sound a warning note. Choice of subject is absolutely vital. For example, Fra Angelico's *The Attempted Martyrdom of SS Cosmas and Damian* (you'll recollect that the flames from their communal stake turned back and attacked their executioners) carries with it a fire risk that not even the Prudential, such a pal in calamity, would care to cover. Then, Turner's *The Petworth Lake at Sunset* cries out for scenic and lighting resources that would certainly have been beyond the range even of Colchester. Why not start quite simply with, perhaps, El Greco's *The Tears of St Peter* for which you will need a bearded player with very large and watery eyes, a tortured expression and a loose-fitting dark blue kimono, chest 42? Then on, possibly, to Picasso's *The Dancers* for which you merely require three angular and deformed ladies, one of whom has got an eye in her chest. I don't think that I would recommend any pictures by Gauguin as so many of his lady subjects were rather absent-minded about putting on clothes, though I dare say that Interflora could manage hibiscus blossoms if asked. Uccello's *The Hunt* rules itself out by demanding 9 hounds, 15 horses and a platoon of bowmen, while Gainsborough's *The Harvest Waggon* isn't going to mean very much without an extremely large and lumpy harvest waggon. However, I can recommend, and particularly in areas boasting a MacFisheries, Raphael's *The Miraculous Draught of Fishes.* The herons, 14 in number, may be omitted, and you will find that, backstage, the fishy smell very soon wears off. □

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LETTERS

The Fabians & Labour's soul

From Peter Townsend
Peter Kellner's note on the Fabian Society (*NS* 8 May) is ill-informed and reflects disproportionately the Social Democrats' side of the argument.

Throughout its history the Society has existed to further the cause of the Labour Party, and any reading of its constitution, any examination of its political tracts and research pamphlets and any consideration of its finance (particularly the donations made by Labour organisations, including the Labour Party itself, to support its work) demonstrates this fact. The Society is nothing if not Labour.

Had Shirley Williams and her associates stayed within the Labour Party there is no reason why debates within the Fabian Society about socialism and socialist policies should not have continued. But she has chosen to leave and to set up an alternative party whose object is the destruction of the Labour Party at elections.

It is a mark of her own confusion of mind that she should seek to remain in the Fabian Society after leaving the Party and it is inconceivable that the Society, while pursuing its existing functions, could allow her to remain as a member. Among other things the books published recently by herself and David Owen are a mockery of any variant of socialism consistent with the objects traditionally enshrined within the Labour Party's, or indeed the Fabian Society's constitution.
Centre for Health Studies, Yale University, New Haven, CT, USA

Civil servants' pay

From L.H. Moody, General Secretary, Civil Service Union
It is a pity that Peter Kellner's otherwise perceptive article on civil service pay (*NS* 8 May) was marred by his endorsement of a fairly common misconception. He refers to the strict confidentiality to which reports of the Pay Research Unit are subject and implies that this is a result of pressure from the unions. Nothing could be further from the truth.

It is the comparator employers to whom the unit looks for co-operation who insist that the information they provide, even though it is anonymised by the unit, should be circulated on a strictly 'need to know' basis. Secrecy is more of a hindrance than a help to the unions, if only because it creates a great deal of membership ill-feeling. The unions resisted publication of the median rates of pay provided in the reports because the publication of these raw untreated rates would be misleading. They often include elements like built-in overtime and shift pay (normally paid separately in the civil service) but are exclusive of frequently substantial fringe benefits.

As for the independence of the Pay Research Unit, it is fair to remind you of the judgment of the high court in the action taken by the Council of Civil Service Unions last year that the Pay Research Unit is 'an arm of government'.
5 Praed Street, London W2

Learned aggression

From Sir Thomas Bazley
Mr A.J.P. Taylor (*NS* 1 May) is too distinguished a historian to perpetuate the idea that war is 'universal' — so that mankind is considered to be innately aggressive.

The popular view about mankind is unlikely to be rooted in reality. We know of a number of peaceful, unaggressive peoples — in Central America, the Pacific, and the Himalayas. True, all creatures defend themselves — if only by fleeing; but unprovoked aggression is learned, not inherited, behaviour — the result of environmental and cultural factors.

No one disputes that war is widespread and that children are often aggressive; but we forget that in all except a few cultures, aggression is easily learned — if only because nearly everyone assumes its innate character. According to Leakey and some other anthropologists, early man was essentially co-operative.
Eastleach Folly, Nr Hatherop, Cirencester

Workers' co-ops

From Norman Watson, Secretary, Northern Region Co-operation Development Association
I was astonished to read the attack (*NS* 1 May) by Peter Slowe on local co-operative development agencies. There are in fact 23 local CDAs. We have held two annual conferences, the last addressed by Dr Slowe at his request when he appeared in full sympathy with our aims. At our last conference we established a steering group to monitor changes in the co-operative movement both at national and local level and we have called meetings with both ICOM and the Co-operative Union nationally.

If any new national body emerges to 'mobilise' us, it is unlikely to be a body as un-representative of the co-operative movement as the Co-operative Development Agency, which is governed by people entirely nominated from the Minister, and whose officers often act as if local CDAs don't exist.

We are a fully representative body with local Councillors, trade unionists and people actually working in co-ops on our executive. As a part-time voluntary body we have limited resources but we have still managed in the last 18 months to start seven new co-operatives in our area, and I know of other local CDAs, particularly in Wales, which have had similar success.

Dr Slowe's claim that local CDAs 'have not played a significant part in forming a single co-operative' could best be applied to his own Agency; they certainly have been singularly inactive up here.
37 Woodbine Road, Gosforth, Newcastle upon Tyne

From Alan Taylor
Peter Slowe's letter attacking local co-op development organisations, and defending the national CDA quango he works for, is a perfect illustration of why the workers' co-ops movement is unlikely to come to the defence of the CDA now that its future is in question.

His attempt to spread information which he must know to be untrue in an attempt to denigrate the democratic structure of the workers' co-op movement confirms all the worst fears one might have of the effect of establishing a quango to operate in the field of a democratic and politically conscious movement.

The local CDAs seek to build up the workers' co-op movement so that it can become a vehicle for expansion when the economy recovers. However, the main scope for defending jobs through co-ops in present circumstances consists of raising demands to set up a co-op when a firm is threatening to close a plant or to accept a takeover bid. The problem is that there is no adequate mechanism for dealing with these cases.

The Labour Party published proposals on this subject last September, which have raised considerable controversy. These proposals were the subject of a major debate at the Co-op Party conference at Easter, where an expression of approval for the principle of worker takeovers was deleted from a resolution on co-ops. The argument advanced was that the particular mechanism proposed by the Labour Party was too state-dominated and was closer to a form of nationalisation than to being a process which would help establish genuine co-ops.

There is some truth in this argument. However, that ought to lead on to proposing amendments to the mechanism rather than rejecting the whole idea. A future Labour government, and Labour local authorities, are going to have to cope with demands for help from groups of workers wanting to establish co-ops to save their jobs. If we do not work out an adequate mechanism we will be forced back to the ad-hocery which led to the disappointments with KME and the Scottish Daily News.
43 Nanson Road, London SW11

Irving v Bird

From Ian Stirling
Your word battle David Irving/Kai Bird was fascinating. Of course the former was wrong in some details, but very right in many others.

Friedelind Wagner's book *The Royal Family of Bayreuth* (she is the composer's granddaughter) makes it clear that Hitler knew what was happening to the Jews. On the other hand, a book by Hans Rumpf, translated by Edward Fitzgerald, *The Bombing of Germany* (Frederick Muller, London, 1963), makes it clear that Irving may well have been more right than Bird on the subject of casualties after the Allied raids on Dresden in 1945.

Rumpf was inspector-general of fire prevention in Germany during the war, and like Voigt (quoted by Irving) was in a position to know the truth better than almost anybody else. I quote from Rumpf's book (with the publishers' permission):

> Dresden . . . is the town about which least is known with any certainty concerning the number of victims. Estimates vary between 30,000 and 300,000. For a long time the figure of 225,000 was quoted internationally and this was the figure mentioned by R.T. Paget, defending counsel in the Mannstein process. However, objective accounts based on expert evidence . . . give 60,000 dead in one single night . . . In short, we just don't know, and we never shall . . .

32 Powis Gdns, London NW11

Tackling the NUS

From Paul Mercer
While I totally agree with Mike Coren (*NS* 24 April) in his report on the Conservative students' conference that some rather extreme right-wing views were being expressed he has incorrectly implied that the whole affair was merely a gathering of neo-fascists who were out for blood.

Coren has also totally failed to make any mention of the central issue of the conference, that of the National Union of Students. The FCS conference followed the NUS annual conference and feelings were high due to the fact that NUS Conservative delegates had been banned from speaking and some had actually been beaten up because of their political views. The Conservatives, working with other moderates, have spent several years trying to change the NUS from within and to break the hold of the militant extreme left to whom the interests of the average student are not important, and the FCS Conference came to the conclusion that it was about time to change tactics and tackle the NUS from the outside.
Hugh Stewart Hall, University Park, Nottingham

Unlikely gathering

From James Kennard
George Galloway (Letters 24 April) describes a 'brutal military occupation' on the West Bank of the Jordan. It is worth noting that it must be a strange 'brutal occupation' that permits, on Mr Galloway's own admission, 8,000 people to gather together to meet a delegation and then declare support for an outlawed terrorist organisation, under the eyes of the world's press. How many other such brutal occupations in the Middle East or elsewhere would permit such a gathering?
20 Ringwood Avenue, London N2

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John Bayley's book on Shakespeare is advertised as a once-in-a-generation account. **Martin Dodsworth** argues that its merits and defects mirror the present state of English studies.

Kidding on the level

'SHE DEMANDS attention; she affects authority and purpose; but really, and in her own robust way, she clings and vapours'; that is Shakespeare's Cleopatra. Style as well as point of view tells you that John Bayley is no run-of-the-mill academic. Here he is on Antony, a character who might come from *Mrs Dalloway* or *To the Lighthouse;* he is 'hurried, as Virginia Woolf felt was the fate of consciousness, from one impression and reaction to another' — his mind merely 'acquiesces in what befalls him . . . it is incapable of that concentration and reflection that gives their individuality to Hamlet, Othello and Macbeth'. Well . . . maybe. Maybe.

Though it is not uncharacteristic that in the last clause quoted a plural subject is followed by a verb in the singular (does Bayley think that concentration and reflection are identical activities?) this is good writing, because the challenge it carries is roundly delivered — and the Thomas Warton Professor of English Literature at Oxford is a formidably clever man. Even apparent excrescences in style, like the idea of Cleopatra's *robustness* in vapouring, which it is tempting to write off as an idle bid for attention, turn out not to be so. It is an integral part of the argument that Cleopatra is 'as unremitting in her frivolity as Caesar in his pursuit of power' and that Antony drifts helplessly between the two.

Shakespeare and Tragedy is, then, a brilliant and original book. But it is not consistently successful, for reasons which have a lot to do with the generally chaotic state of English studies at the moment. These reasons are implicit in Bayley's style, not all of whose excrescences are merely apparent.

Fundamentally he is on the side of the angels. He is intent on something more than the treatment of 'themes' — Shakespeare's treatment of time, Shakespeare's attitude to kingship and so on. A real curiosity about the work of art drives us beyond that sort of thing to consider the *way* in which whatever wisdom it affords is bound up with its special pleasure, a complex of feelings, the *Lear*-feeling, the *Hamlet*-feeling, the one that possesses us just as surely when we have read the plays with enjoyment as when we leave the theatre, dazed. John Bayley has this real curiosity and seeks to report its findings accurately, but not in any specialised language.

The jargon of semiotics, deconstructionism and the rest of them is put on one side for good reasons, I think. To keep before us the complex feelings to which great literature gives rise we need a language close enough to our subject-matter not to denature it. That is the advantage in keeping talk about literature within the terms of ordinary literacy.

The disadvantage is twofold in origin. There is these days a challenge to the long-established English tradition of ordinary-language criticism from science and philosophy. The lustre of Eliot and Leavis is fading before the fluorescence of Barthes, Derrida, Lacan, Todorov and a host of others: we are getting to the mud-slinging stage. And this challenge is reinforced by our own consciousness that the rate of change in the world, physical as well as intellectual change, increases from month to month, so that the very idea of 'tradition', the shibboleth of the Fifties, is now not merely suspect but in many quarters dead. The insistent message of modernism — 'Make it new' —is driving us hard to identify with the ideology of the instruments of change. And if science is transforming the world, shouldn't it transform criticism too? The powerful alliance between the new generation of 'scientific' critics and our own enhanced perception of an instability in things in general induces a fatal nervousness in Bayley's style. He is in constant fear of losing our attention.

Anxiety can spur us on to excellence. When he describes Macbeth as 'giving a banquet with all the false *bonhomie* of Stalin entertaining his cronies at the Kremlin' Bayley achieves that excellence. But he falls far short of it when he tries to reduce Lear's incoherence, when he enters mad and crowned with flowers to find Edgar and Gloucester, to the ordinary and everyday:

> Going on about old army experiences ('Yon fellow handles his bow like a crow-keeper') is as commonplace in geriatric wards as senile obscenity ('Behold yon simpering dame') railing on women and sex, seeing through the shams of society and the way the world goes.

Lear doesn't 'go on about' army experiences, and one might hazard that a king's would be different from those of most old sweats; the point about the no-place where he meets Gloucester is that it isn't organised like a geriatric ward but all without a plan. What ought to feel climactic, the encounter of the two rejected fathers, turns into a horrific refusal of the meaning it might make possible, as Lear declines to recognise Gloucester and gives himself up to hallucination ('yon fellow' is no more and no less a reality than the simpering dame: neither is present on stage). Edgar's exclamation 'O side-piercing sight!', though the thought, and it is chastening to think so, may be as commonplace as any we may have as visitors to the geriatric ward, has an intensity that makes an irrelevance of anything that might be commonplace about it. The same is true of blind Gloucester's attempt to kiss the hand of his abused king, and of Lear's own plea, which might strike the most calloused sensibility as moving in no ordinary manner: 'Give me an ounce of civet; good apothecary, to sweeten my imagination.'

Bayley sees Hamlet (above) as 'candid' and 'high-spirited'. Cleopatra (below) 'clings and vapours' while Antony lacks the individuality of a Hamlet or Macbeth.

Bayley begins with a valuable idea, that Gloucester and Lear become 'wholly passive, like persons in a casualty ward', but is unable to rest satisfied with that. Is it interesting *enough?* Will it really do to fight off the bid from his French rivals and their subsidiaries? A curious passage in his introduction tells us that 'Maurice Morgann anticipated the methods of Roland Barthes when he "cracked the code" of Shakespeare's Henry IV plays, in his essay of 1777'. This cannot be true in any real sense but is indicative of the worry that underlies his more hectic passages.

The question is how far this sort of thing spoils the whole enterprise. When we have seen what that is it will be easier to answer.

THE NEW BOOK develops from the central idea of an earlier one which he published in 1976; *The Uses of Division* is about the way in which contradictions within an author's work, rather than any achieved seamless unity, are the basis for what is to be valued in it. That book ends with a section on Shakespeare which is now opened out into a full-scale treatment of the tragedies from *Julius Caesar* on and including *Troilus and Cressida,* a play for which Bayley has a special affinity. The underlying idea is that of incompatibility, generally speaking the

Shakespeare and Tragedy by JOHN BAYLEY
Routledge £9.75 & £4.95

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incompatibility between character and role. Hamlet isn't cut out to be a revenger, Macbeth was never meant to be a murderer, Lear 'does not know how to play the part of an old man'. This makes Shakespeare's tradgedies different from anyone else's because, according to Bayley, everybody else has tried for 'that striking but overbearing simplicity which makes the hero and the action naturally at one with each other' — the sort of thing which we get in Sophocles. The result is not only that Shakespeare is different from the rest but that he is more truthful: he resists the simple fiction of a perfect match between tragic hero and tragic fate, the perfect measure that underlies notions of poetic justice, in favour of a more complex but no less powerful view of life, in which the individual is at odds with or even unaware of his proper part, as is the case with Antony, caught between the expert role-players Octavius and Cleopatra.

There is a moment in the book where Bayley talks like the old-fashioned moralist that he doesn't like us too often to see that he is:

> Iago is kidding on the level, like the snob who makes a point and a style of pretending to be snobbish. He really does loathe innocence and goodness and their humdrum happy preoccupations. Quite a lot of people are like Iago, and conceal it with 'old fond paradoxes to make fools laugh i'th'alehouse'.

It is this view of human nature, forever gulled by 'old fond paradoxes' or by their opposite, the mirage of a unity of action and character, the old tragic simplicity of Sophocles, that appears to justify Bayley's own use of paradox, designed to captivate and to subvert our favourite simplifications. The trouble is that he doesn't always endow his paradoxes with a meaning as weighty and certain as the moral sense requires or the Shakespearean text affords.

Take, for example, his view of *Hamlet*. He tells us that Hamlet 'begins the play as an unaffectedly open and candid person, a noble and spirited equivalent of the candid man in a comedy setting who must speak his mind'. Though striking, because absolutely counter to that we are used to — 'this openness is high-spirited and instinctive,' says Bayley, cocking an eye at the traditionally sullen brooder in black — this will not do. The part of frankness, after all, has already been pre-empted by Claudius, an early exponent of open government, generously pleading with his step-son to put by grief. Poor Hamlet, whose first speeches are marked by high rhetoric, whether epigrammatic bitterness or the self-conscious amplitude of his reply to his mother ('Seems, madam! Nay, it is. I know not seems'), looks more like one who plays the part of a plain-dealer rather than the plain-dealer himself.

Yet the idea of Hamlet as being peculiarly 'open' to all offers of experience and hence peculiarly unsuited to confinement in the role of stage-revenger is a good one, and gives rise to much more judicious paradox later on, in, for example, the observation that

> His father's ghost is the uncompromising voice of duty; but the instincts of one the book and volume of whose brain is mixed 'with baser matter', as is the case with most sane men, really incline towards his uncle.

It is an idea in D. H. Lawrence's *Twilight in Italy*, but here made with special force.

IT IS NOT enough, with this book, to draw up a debit-and-credit account, to say that the discussions of *Troilus, Caesar, Timon, Antony and Cleopatra* and *Macbeth* are by and large deeply interesting, while that of *Lear* is messily presented, that of *Coriolanus* strained and those of *Hamlet* and *Othello* marred by an insufficient understanding of the dependence of privacy on the fact of public life. Apart from that, and apart from affirming that throughout, however much the forms of expression betray an uneasy spirit, the brilliance is always catching fire, one has to say that this book deserves thinking about carefully for the sake of its central thesis. Bayley's paradoxes are productive of so many hits because Shakespeare's indifference to genre allowed him to get beyond genre and to present an unparalleled image of the world in all its diversity, and by so doing included in his work that gap between genre-ideas, typified in 'tragic simplicity', and the ideas of real life — Iago 'kidding on the level', a kind of character whom no other playwright can afford us. Bayley's paradoxes inhabit that gap inside the plays themselves. His book really does help us to see Shakespeare's tragedies more exactly as they are, even though it slights, more importantly, the cohesive, social nature of the world of these plays and their tendency to take on willy-nilly (or Willy-nilly?) a unity transcending the divisions which are Bayley's subject-matter.

The publishers evidently feel, or hope, that this is a book to be ranked alongside Bradley or Wilson Knight's *Wheel of Fire*, a book to give 'our' generation its own account of Shakespeare at his greatest. In evoking a giddy succession of master-critic upon master-critic, they too contribute to our sense of dying generation ever more eagerly thrusting dying generation to one side. That sense has left its mark upon *Shakespeare and Tragedy*, which, with all its defects, and its merits too, is a book, if not for an age, yet very certainly for and of our time. □

David Lodge
HOW FAR CAN YOU GO?
Whitbread Book of the Year Award
Whitbread Literary Award for Fiction

J. M. Coetzee
WAITING FOR THE BARBARIANS
James Tait Black Memorial Book Prize
Geoffrey Faber Memorial Prize for Fiction
CNA Literary Award

Ted Harriott
KEEP ON RUNNING
David Higham Prize

Secker & Warburg

Nicolas Walter

Shelley right and wrong

Shelley and His World by CLAIRE TOMALIN *Thames & Hudson* £5.95
Red Shelley by PAUL FOOT *Sidgwick & Jackson* £12.95 & £5.95

Shelley was so wrong about so much. Despite his famous claim, poets are not the legislators of the world, and he was more unacknowledged than most, both during his short life and long after his death. His published books of fiction were dreadful in every sense. His first published book of verse was withdrawn and destroyed because it included a plagiarised poem. His first published work of non-fictional prose got him expelled from Oxford, and helped to drive him away from his family and his class. His first major poem helped to drive him further away and also to drive his children away from him, and got its publishers prosecuted for 30 years. His second major poem had to be withdrawn and expurgated before publication. Few of his later serious writings, in either verse or prose, were published at the time, and most of those that were published were ignored.

His private life was as unfortunate as his public career was unsuccessful. He eloped with two 16-year-old girls, but wasn't happy with either of them for long; he was always flirting with other women, while other men flirted with his wives. Many of his loved ones died or killed themselves in tragic circumstances. He was the heir to a title and a fortune, but himself died in tragic circumstances before inheriting either. Nearly all the things he said and did were in open oppo-

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sition to all the powers that were. No wonder he was regarded by the establishment as a sort of devil during his life and as a sort of angel after his death, never as a complete person whose life and work, poetry and prose, thoughts and actions, were all of a piece. No wonder he is remembered almost entirely as the author of a few lyrics reprinted in anthologies and recited by schoolchildren.

Yet Shelley was so right about so much, as a few people recognised at the time and as more and more people have realised during the subsequent century and a half. His passion for liberty, equality and fraternity; his hatred of Christianity, monarchy and war; his belief in free thought, free speech and free love: all the things which worked against him at the beginning of the 19th century are working for him at the end of the 20th century. More than almost any other figure in our literature, he speaks more clearly and directly to us now than ever before. The gradual acceptance of Shelley has come from the devoted work of a succession of enthusiastic amateurs and a handful of professional scholars. But there is still no definitive edition of his writings, or even a satisfactory volume of either his poetry or his prose; there wasn't a biography which was both reliable and readable until Richard Holmes produced *Shelley: The Pursuit* seven years ago. The scholars must look after themselves, though they do seem to take a lot of time and make a lot of trouble sorting out Shelley's life and work, but we should take note of the outsiders who bring Shelley to ordinary readers, as in these two books by people who happen to have close connections with this paper.

CLAIRE TOMALIN adds Shelley to a long series of short books on great figures and their worlds. Her well-designed large-format volume, with more than 100 carefully chosen and clearly reproduced illustrations and an elegantly written and easily read text, contains just about everything a newcomer to Shelley's work needs to know about his life, though there isn't much about his world. Tomalin has produced an excellent compromise between an elementary pamphlet and a full-scale biography, and she also provides a refreshing dose of sense and sensibility about the various problems and puzzles which have always haunted Shelley studies.

But there is still plenty of room for more specialised books, and Paul Foot has produced a welcome addition to the popular literature on Shelley, arguing that he was a serious thinker as well as a skilful writer and indeed a significant contributor to the development of the British left. The introduction mentions that Foot went to the same Oxford college as Shelley; there are more parallels than this, since Foot also comes from a radical liberal family from which he has diverged in a leftward direction — and the particular rather narrow Marxist direction he has taken sometimes leads him astray in his otherwise valuable arguments.

Foot opens with a chapter on the social and political background to Shelley's adult life, from 1810 to 1822, which he calls 'a period of uninterrupted tyranny' when 'Britain had its worst government ever' — a rather extreme proposition, but eloquently defended. Then come chapters on Shelley as a republican (or rather, anti-monarchist and anti-militarist), an atheist (or rather, anti-Christian), a leveller (not a socialist, at least in Foot's sense), and a feminist (in theory in his writings, in practice in his relationships, and in history in his reputation in the later women's movement). The most interesting and original chapter, called 'Reform or Revolution?', is a detailed discussion of Shelley's ideas about political action. Here Foot sets up and then knocks down a contradiction he finds in Shelley's life and work between a trust in the people and a fear of the mob; but the muddle is surely in his rather than Shelley's mind, the dialectic of revolution and reform, violence and non-violence, deeds and thoughts, being more complex than he allows.

Foot closes with a chapter on Shelley's posthumous fate at the hands of both admirers and attackers. He retraces some of the ground already covered by Sylva Norman, but concentrates on Shelley's treatment by the left and adds some more recent developments. He emphasises that Shelley's work was kept alive in the 19th century by the Radicals, the Chartists and the Socialists. In the 20th century he traces the ambiguous reactions of the Communists and wastes eight pages on the crass criticisms by F. R. Leavis. He could have found more relevant material among other successors of Shelley's first defenders — the humanists and the anarchists — but he doesn't know much about humanism, and his remark that 'an anarchist is a liberal with a bomb in his hand' suggests that he knows even less about anarchism.

Foot rightly thanks several people who have helped him, but wrongly thanks his publisher's editors, who have let through a fashionable number of misprints, misspellings and mistakes. And someone should have done something about the title, which gives a false impression of a book that only occasionally gives a false impression of Shelley. □

Nigel Cross

The world over

The Creation of World Poverty by TERESA HAYTER *Pluto* £2.50

If there were any justice in the world, an international tribunal would be in permanent session with a brief to determine the exact debt owed by the West to its former colonies. Instead of which Western banks calculate that they are owed at least $63000 million in loans to developing nations. The so-called 'aid' programmes which are supposed to involve the transfer of 0.35 per cent of Western GDP to the Third World in fact claw back most of the cash in orders for Western goods. Quite simply there should be no aid programmes at all but instead the humble return, with interest, of the receipts from the plunder of former colonial territories. The background to this is clearly set out by Teresa Hayter in *The Creation of World Poverty*, a 120-page account of four centuries of European exploitation of the wealth and labour of what is now, inevitably, the Third World.

Hayter's book is misleadingly sub-titled 'an alternative view to the Brandt report' for although she is critical of Brandt's essentially capitalist, or Keynesian, 'programme for survival', she offers no alternative beyond a vague appeal to the merits of socialist theory. China is wheeled out as an example (*the* example) of a socialist society 'where more or less everybody is adequately fed whereas in India malnutrition is chronic and starvation is not uncommon'. China has always been marginally better off than India, but unfortunately it is not true that everyone is adequately fed; there is widespread malnutrition and hunger in China, much of it attributable to the failure of

A. N. Wilson
THE HEALING ART
Arts Council National Book Award
Somerset Maugham Award
Southern Arts Literature Prize

Bernard Crick
GEORGE ORWELL: A LIFE
Yorkshire Post Book of the Year

John Fuller
THE ILLUSIONISTS
Southern Arts Literature Prize

Secker & Warburg

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Mao's 'great leap forward'.

Other than China, whose development policies are anyway impossible for other countries to emulate, Teresa Hayter gives no examples of socialist societies whose policies have led to humane and satisfactory development. Of course it is possible to argue, as she does, that capitalism has never given socialism a chance:

> We should not be uncritical of these [socialist] regimes. Many of their failings are well known. These are, in part, the inevitable result of an oppressive world system. Until this system is defeated on a world scale, it is bound to limit drastically what can be achieved in any particular country.

Apart from resisting the profit motive, a motive which is common to the peasant and the President, and armed resistance to right-wing regimes propped up by multinationals, Hayter gives us little clue of how to defeat the system and at the same time defeat poverty — which is, or should be, the aim of any revolution. Of course we need 'societies in which what is produced is determined by need rather than profit calculations' but in a world where money is power whatever your politics, the poor will only get poorer without it (as Michael Manley found in his ill-fated struggle against the IMF).

At least the Brandt report has attempted to wring a further $4 billion a year from the rich countries even if the concept of 'mutual interest' sounds a little hollow to the Third World. However, the idea that there might be a cash return for the West was just a bait to hook the USA and EEC. If it really were in the interests of capitalism to shell out billions of dollars to the world's poor Brandt would have met with rather more success, instead of which he has been tumbled by Reagan, Thatcher and Veil. The truth seems to be that the West can manage quite well without the South; OPEC's attempt to bring the West to its knees led directly to a huge increase in Western bank profits. Ultimately the only possible justification for helping the poor is a moral one. And if Western governments remain unmoved by such considerations it is up to their electorates to force them to consider the issues.

The main defect of Hayter's otherwise persuasive analysis is a lack of personal insights. She may well have travelled over the Third World and have had useful first-hand experiences but she has compiled her book entirely from other books, some of them inaccurate and out of date. However, she has written an effective polemic, especially when describing the lasting contribution of British colonial policies to the poverty of half the world. As there is not the slightest chance of her book being read by businessmen, bankers or bureaucrats, it should be read by all schoolchildren, particularly by public schoolboys who are the most likely to attempt to peddle trash to the natives in exchange for gold. □

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David Cohen

The personality personality

Hans Eysenck: The Man and His Work by H. B. GIBSON *Peter Owen* £11.95
The Battle for the Mind by HANS EYSENCK & LEON KAMIN *Macmillan* £12, *Pan* £2.95
Mindwatching by HANS & MICHAEL EYSENCK *Michael Joseph* £10.50

John B. Watson, founder of behaviourism, once sniped against 'the modern craze for biographies'. He pointed out that biographies based on 'public achievements' could be entertaining but never complete. Without tracing all the ways in which a baby was conditioned, a writer could never achieve a serious life history.

Eysenck is probably the most controversial of British psychologists and two of these books are further 'public achievements'. In *The Battle for the Mind*, Eysenck and Leon Kamin (who first pointed out the fraudulence of Cyril Burt) each set out their views on the interminable race and IQ controversy. In *Mindwatching*, Eysenck and his son Michael, a psychologist at Birkbeck, do a Desmond Morris, combining photography and psychology to offer a glossy, readable, potted guide to humankind. It is a good coffee-table book with no pretensions. Politically it is interesting because the tone tends to be liberal as if to undercut those nasty critics who persist in seeing Hans Eysenck as a right-winger or — worse and more unfair — a fascist.

Gibson's book is an altogether different matter. First, Gibson hardly justifies writing a 300-page biography of Eysenck at all. He simply assumes that the great psychologist deserves this star treatment. In fact, it could be argued that Eysenck's scientific contribution is much more limited than his vast sum of publications might lead one to think. He has devised a major, and influential, theory of personality. He also helped to establish clinical psychology in this country. But much of the rest of his work has been polemical or popularising. There is nothing wrong with that, but it is a little ridiculous for Gibson to cast Eysenck in the role of world-shattering researcher whose new ideas will change our view of ourselves. Gibson is so deferential, so grateful to Eysenck for giving him time and information, that he never confronts the really interesting questions Eysenck's career raises.

Having told us that Eysenck's parents were actors and his father a matinée idol, Gibson suggests: 'Perhaps in Professor Eysenck's penchant for appearing in public . . . one may see something of his actor father.' He then immediately back-pedals from any implication that his hero may lust after publicity. 'In fairness to Professor Eysenck, it must be pointed out that Eysenck appears in the public eye very much less than the media would like him to for, such is the formidable output of his writings', not to mention running a large department and saving the soul of psychology, in between seminars, by speaking out unpopular truths, that he does not have enough time.

Gibson defends Eysenck against the charge of racism with the information that he left Germany in 1936 because he hated the Nazis, adding that his grandmother died in the gas chambers. He defends Eysenck's own defence of Burt by saying that Burt was spiteful to Eysenck — calling him a Jewboy — and that therefore Eysenck could not attack him as colleagues might think he was being vengeful. Both of these are inadequate arguments. And Gibson fails to spot the contradictions: Eysenck is willing to offend the sensibilities of American blacks because scientific truth must out but when it comes to bashing Burt he suddenly wobbles with sensitivity.

GIBSON does a better job of pointing out how Eysenck has sponsored work in comparatively unusual areas like hypnosis and astrological theories of personality. But when it comes to the major theory of personality he lapses back into flattery. Just after the war Eysenck began to argue that you could use questionnaires to measure significant personality traits. So far three main traits have been researched — extraversion/introversion, stability/neuroticism and psychoticism. Eysenck argues that each trait is a continuum. No-one is 100 per cent extravert, but it can be indicated where they fall on this continuum. There have been intriguing developments, like the finding that introverts and extraverts work better at different times of day. Eysenck has proposed the existence of physiological differences between these personality types. There are psychologists who object to Eysenck on race and yet admire and use the personality theory.

But Gibson not only ventilates few criticisms of it — for example, is it realistic to use questionnaires like this? — but also accepts a myth that Eysenck appears to believe. The psychologist has long claimed that this theory made him unpopular. Experimental psychologists, the hard men with the rats, disliked it. Searching for universal laws of human behaviour which would make psychology as scientific as physics, they did not want subjects performing laboratory tasks differently because of anything as murky as

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personality. Soft psychologists were also outraged because to quantify the human personality was to degrade it. Eysenck poses as the man who dared to tell the scientific truth here too. But is this so?

Rather than analyse whether Eysenck might be wrong about the reception of his ideas, Gibson worships:

> Although Eysenck has attempted the Herculean task of trying to weld together experimental psychology with psychometrics and social psychology, it will not be as a great experimentalist that he will be remembered but as an ideas man, equivalent to, and perhaps greater than Freud.

THE EXTRAVAGANCE of such a claim is shown in *The Battle for the Mind*. Eysenck and Kamin first set out their positions on race and IQ without reading each other's contribution. Then they read and rebutted. The result reveals how psychologists with different ideologies cannot agree on what is a fact. And yet neither man admits to having an ideology and both present themselves as purveyors of the ultimate, the best fact in the bazaar of science.

The one thing they agree on is that there are large differences in the average IQ scores of American blacks and whites. For Eysenck, IQ tests are significant and so are these differences. They are largely the result of heredity and he trumpets that he now has biological evidence of IQ since research shows that folk with high IQs have more complex brain waves than others. None of this convinces Kamin one jot. For him IQ tests are a fraud and measure only scholastic achievement.

As in *Mindwatching*, Eysenck is obviously out to show that he is a decent man. He points out, usefully, that Stalin and Hitler both banned IQ tests because they might show 'inferior' races to be less inferior than dogma demanded. He also asks why we have come to see the environmentalist position as the progressive one. Watson and Skinner used to be pilloried by the Left because they claimed that conditioning could turn you into a genius or a moron. Eysenck also adds that the evidence suggests that the Chinese are cleverer than whites. He stresses that nothing justifies discrimination against individuals.

As far as Kamin is concerned, all these gestures are of no avail. Eysenck is wrong from top to bottom. He cannot even get his quotes right. For me, all the invective makes for little insight. And yet, though Eysenck is trying so hard, he remains irritating. Is it reasonable to attack the environmentalist position because IQ scores are still unequal in Warsaw? Why is he so unable to see the point of positive discrimination? Why does he not ask if the way psychologists have seen the race and IQ issue is not blinkered? Many academics, he claims, support him in private but dare not do so in public. For him, it is a sign of how unfairly he has been treated. But by harping on it so much he loses the very sympathy he wants to create. □

Among this week's contributors:

MARTIN DODSWORTH, a senior lecturer at London University, is editor of the journal *English*.

DAVID COHEN is the editor of *Psychology News*.

FICTION

James Campbell

How are you?

Murdo & Other Stories by IAIN CRICHTON SMITH *Gollancz* £4.95
My Career Goes Bung by MILES FRANKLIN *Virago* £2.95
Blue Movie by TERRY SOUTHERN *Marion Boyars* £3.50

Although he is best known as a poet, Iain Crichton Smith has published five novels and several collections of stories in Gaelic and English. Born on the Isle of Lewis, he has never left the Highlands of Scotland for long and his island upbringing has left a deep impression on his work. Many of his stories dramatise the disintegration of a sense of community in the lives of people who continue to depend on the community's superficial attributes. A wounded person in a Smith story is often one who is isolated from the community, possibly by choice but more often by confusion or infirmity. He has a strong sympathy for people who for some reason are unable to cope with work or marriage or just the business of daily living. His use of domestic settings, such as dinner parties and family outings, is always sensitive in its refusal to accept the apparent calm of everyday life: a Smith housewife greeted at a neighbour's door with the simple question, 'How are you?' could well take a whole book to answer.

Smith's island background may also help to explain his frequent use of cramped spaces as settings in which characters' irritation with each other rises towards a crisis. The best of the seven stories in *Murdo* is 'The Visit', in which Helen and Tom spend an evening with Tom's brother and sister-in-law. Smith often writes from the woman's point of view: 'She didn't really want to visit Tom's brother but both of them felt it a duty . . . If Helen had her way she wouldn't leave her house.' Smith's picture of the typical couple's party which no one is enjoying is acute but is sometimes let down by his rather feeble sarcasm: Helen notices that Tom's brother reads *Time*, which suggests to her that he keeps up with 'the latest sharp-eyed insightful journalism'. Eventually, Helen, unable to take any more of the 'adult' conversation about earnings and political parties, leaves the room and hides in the daffodil patch with her hosts' children:

> Somewhere they are walking, free and tall, the queens without worries about money. No one can see them among the daffodils with their yellow flags . . . In our old age we are safe.

Of course, no one knows better than Iain Crichton Smith, who has often written about the remorselessness of age, that Helen's last statement is just another delusion, designed to keep new experience out. Unable to accept a world in which all values are materially based, she has nothing to fall back on and hence reverts to an imitation of the only time of security she has known.

Murdo is an enjoyable collection from this prolific author, but often the flatness of Smith's language fails to do justice to the depth of his perceptions.

MILES FRANKLIN's *My Career Goes Bung* is the thinnest kind of sequel: a book about the success of the earlier book. *My Brilliant Career* — purporting to be the autobiography of Sybylla Melvyn — was published in 1901 when 'little firebrand Miles', as Verna Coleman describes her in her introduction to the present volume, was nineteen. A year later she completed the sequel but at the time it was considered too audacious for publication and did not appear until 1946. That audaciousness has not stood up well:

> Mr Hardy made orthodox remarks with orthodox politeness, that politeness called chivalry, which women are expected to accept in lieu of their rightful control of the race and the ordering of life with sanity and justice for their children.

Fortunately, much of the rest is seasoned with tough humour and irony which often makes the author resemble an Australian, female Huck Finn. The earlier part of the story is set in the bush and, as is appropriate to a young girl dominated by her parents, much of it is told in an amusing 'said Ma, said Pa' form, the former being old-fashioned and grim-visaged, and the latter tolerant and wise. When she reaches Sydney, where she is regarded as a novelty, there are some good descriptions of people and conventions but the best appear to have been written during the time that the book was thought to be unpublishable:

> In thinking of him in the years that have gone I know it was his unalloyed maleness that hurt me. He would appraise women in the light of the pleasure or service they could give him . . . That understanding for which I was hungry perhaps is to be found only in men of more complexity, who have something of the mothers who bore them.

A novel which developed that theme would have been welcomed, but little firebrand Miles's rightful resentment of men who tell her that 'what I like in women and horses is mettle' is more often expressed by calling them 'old toads' in return.

Miles Franklin may have been shocked by attitudes to women in her society but, not

Charles Tomlinson

Parsnips

for Ted Chamberlin

A mixed crop. I dig a clump:
Crotches seamed with soil,
Soil clinging to every hair,
To excrescences and mandrake mandibles.
Poor bare forked earth-stained animals,
One comes up whole and white,
A vegetable Adam, I take the lot
And wash them at the stream,
Rubbing, rinsing, I let fall
Inevitably this image of perfection,
Then rush for a garden rake
To fish it back again and run
Trying to out-race the current's
Rain-fed effervescence:
Fit image of the poet, he
In the waterproof, with iron comb who goes
Hunting a prey that's halfway to the sea.

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having had the chance to read *Blue Movie,* she didn't know the half of what was to come. It is one of the paradoxes of feminism that its rise has been accompanied by what seems like a proportionate rise in the number of females willing to take part in those exploits, such as porn and sexually-baited advertising, which the feminist mind opposes. In Terry Southern's reissued novel a blue movie is planned with serious actors playing mock love scenes which will then be edited and combined with takes using doubles being screwed 'hard and long' and, more often, 'half to death'. The film will have a three million dollar budget (this is 1970) which fact by itself — as with the latest production of the unscrupulous Judith Krantz — will secure enough publicity to ensure a profit. There is sufficient material here for a decent satire but Terry Southern doesn't succeed. A sign of his failure is the attempt to stiffen flagging interest near the end by introducing a necrophilia theme involving a movie mogul, a gigantic imitation phallus and the star who thought of herself as a great actress but was thought of as only 'a great piece of ass'.

TELEVISION

William Boyd

For valour

'THE GRUNTS weren't taking any more bullshit,' John Pilger observed from Vietnam in 1970, as the American Army's morale finally collapsed. Revisiting the veterans eleven years later in *Heroes* (ATV), he made it clear that since their return to 'the world' the diet has continued much as before. Pilger's discussions with a handful of highly articulate veterans concentrated on the bland disregard of governments and the persistent attempts to sweep the veteran-problem under the carpet. And a pretty major problem it is too. The litany of statistics makes the case more forcefully than any rhetoric or justified resentment. About 55,000 veterans have committed suicide, 60 per cent are alcoholics, 40 per cent are drug addicts, 60 per cent of black veterans are unemployed. Of course, the figures obscure the shabby, sad individual tragedies — the nightmare griefs and wire-taut neuroses. One black veteran, Alonza Gibbs, recounting dreadful battle-zone atrocities, told of a battalion commander who couldn't call up air-strikes. He won a congressional medal of honour for calling up an air-strike on his own units, one of which contained Alonza Gibbs. A third of the men were killed or wounded by their own planes. Some of the survivors, Gibbs calmly told Pilger, 'are right here in Pittsburg. Crazy as bedbugs'.

The most salient fact to emerge from this excellent documentary was that two thirds of the combat troops *volunteered.* It seemed a lot of people wanted to go to war. So much so that the American forces in Vietnam represented the greatest volunteer army in history. This throws an entirely different light on the subsequent collapse. These were no disgruntled conscripts, but all-American teenagers (the average age of the troops was 19) who'd made a ghastly mistake.

Just why so many willingly joined up was only touched on by Pilger, though it's evident that there's real scope for further investigation here. The answer lies, I'm sure, in the images of warfare these highschool kids and college graduates took with them to Vietnam. Fed on a mixture of 'Sgt Rock' comics, Hollywood fantasies and pulp war thrillers, they found that the reality of battle nowhere matched up to their preconceptions. As one veteran candidly admitted, 'on TV there was no blood . . . Once I got out there I couldn't believe it was so nasty.'

MILITARY valour of a different sort made other appearances this week, notably in Jonathan Miller's production of *Antony and Cleopatra* (BBC-2), less notably in Shaw's *Man of Destiny* (BBC-1). Jane Lapotaire was a splendid Cleopatra, mercurial, tense and shrewd, and the direction exhibited a remarkable painterly compositional sense. The problem with the play, it seems to me, has never been with the role of Cleopatra, which most fine actresses seem to excel in, but rather with Antony. How to play or cast it? 'Crown of the earth' or 'noble ruffian'? With Colin Blakely it had to lean towards the latter, and his stocky frame and wincing prognathous features certainly infused the role with 'character' of a crude and immediately understandable sort. But this wasn't sufficient, for the part is hopelessly schizophrenic and it's almost impossible to perform the differing versions of Antony we see in any plausible or coherent way. The deficiencies in this production were not the fault of the actor or director, but more the result of difficulties written in by the devious Bard.

In the case of *Man of Destiny,* the playwright was entirely to blame. Despite a cool performance by Delphine Seyrig and a frenetically mannered one from Simon Callow, there was nothing they could do to prevent the play's intrinsic boredom triumphing absolutely. There are few spectacles more tedious than people standing around talking *at* each other, and Shaw's whimsical iconoclasm just adds irritation to the dreary process. Why choose an apprentice work by Shaw? Why choose Shaw, come to that? A disappointing waste of talent and resources.

But not as disappointing as the new and second appearance of the much lauded 'alternative comedy' in *Boom Boom Out Go the Lights* (BBC-2). Of the entire bill the only act that is genuinely and excitingly innovative is '20th Century Coyote'. Rik Mayall and Ade Edmonson have effectively tapped into the under-explored humour of frustration and aggression. Unsettling, edgy laughs. As for the others, their alternative comedy — on this showing at least — was as alternative as a mediocre undergraduate revue. Just because a joke is ideologically OK (i.e. left of centre) doesn't make it funny. Not that the audience noticed, however. They laughed their heads off.

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FILMS

John Coleman

Where there's a will . . .

Melvin and Howard (AA) *Gate, Notting Hill; Screen on the Green*
Death Watch (AA) *Paris Pullman*

Crazy Mama (1975) and *Citizens Band* (1977) found their advocates, but nothing in Jonathan Demme's unspectacular short career as a director with strong Corman affiliations — there was also *Caged Heat* (1974), a 'girl-gang' movie, and *Fighting Mad* (1976), a vigilante one — had prepared this viewer for the merry and confidently casual excellence of his latest excursion. *Melvin and Howard* is tart, drifting, precise, touching and often extremely funny. If it has a message, it is a peculiarly American one, winningly expressed by its loser-hero as he watches the wife he has remarried leaving him for good: 'We're not poor. Broke, maybe, not poor.' Its excuse for a story is based on a real-life happenstance of a few years back, when a nobody called Melvin Dummar was willed $156 m. by the late Howard Hughes. Melvin's baffled explanation was that, in 1967, he had picked up an injured vagrant claiming to be Hughes in the Nevada desert, driven him to Las Vegas and lent him a quarter. That was that. The courts took leave to doubt it and, after protracted legal hassling, the claim was thrown out. Bo Goldman, co-author of the Oscar-winning screenplay for *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest,* went reluctantly to meet this dubious Dummar, spent three weeks with him, and enthusiastically wrote a script filling in what happened between that desert encounter and the finding and fighting of the will. The real Melvin E. Dummar even passes by in the filmed outcome in a tiny role.

The film's Melvin is expertly played by Paul Le Mat as a candid, largely uncomprehending but ever-hopeful hick. The main business — his wayward pursuit of happiness through a succession of jobs and a couple of wives — is superbly bracketed by two sequences where Jason Robards as a wildly hairy Hughes looks on aghast, with graveyard incredulity, as this cheery young loon obliges him to join in a chorus of 'Santa's Souped-Up Sleigh', the driver's personal composition, before encouraging Hughes to sing a snatch or two of 'Bye Bye Blackbird' on his own account. A maybe dream-like flashback at the close finds Robards at the wheel himself, droning in something like gaiety. These interludes set a tone of high inconsequentiality which is never less than maintained throughout. The bequest as such hardly signifies (Melvin makes it clear he has no great hopes there); it is simply a grandiose expansion of the pie-from-the-sky or money-for-nothing optimism of the naturally broke ('not *poor*').

Mary Steenburgen, she who stole the show in *Goin' South* and *Time After Time,* here lankily embodies Melvin's better half,

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Lynda, only an edge less feckless than her two-time husband ('They've repossessed the car again,' she intones), breaking away to strip-dancing in a low bar, doing her improvised best by a couple of kids, winning a bumper prize on a terrible TV show by teeteringly tapping to 'Can't Get No Satisfaction'. In the margin, the abundance of pop singles on the sound-track is for once painless, all part of the context.

And context is really what Melvin and Howard is all about. Whether it's Melvin driving up in a new Cadillac towing a new boat to their new house on a dreary-looking development after that quiz windfall, or the pair of them whimsically getting spliced again with the extras ticking up (blue veil, geriatric witnesses, the 'Hawaiian War Chant' as bridal music), or Melvin, deeply in debt to the dairy, fighting on to become 'Milkman of the Month', or the outwardly tough new wife he takes on with *her* two kids (marriage, or 'don't you come swinging your dick around my office no more'), right down to the will, media excitement, court-room crucifixion, all is extraordinarily of a piece. It is something different from the aleatoriness of an Altman. Here the sense is rather of our just dropping in and out, of an authentically continuous and incident-packed history somehow going on whether we happen to be around or not. You feel there might have been two or three other sequences of Melvin-happenings put before us, equally revealing and entertaining. How much this is to the credit of Demme, his scriptwriter Goldman, a nicely controlled cast, a 'natural' of a subject only the future will tell. Meanwhile, no complaints.

BERTRAND Tavernier's *Death Watch*, made in Scotland a year before his fine and humane *Une Semaine de Vacances*, alas brings into question both the coherence of that humanity when not earthed in direct contemporary observation and the wisdom of French directors coming to Britain to make versions of S-F (the reference is of course to Truffaut's *Fahrenheit 451: I* liked it, but few of my colleagues did). From a novel by David Compton, the allegory — if that is what it is — proposes a slightly future world in which death has become 'pornographic', thanks presumably to medicine having largely conquered disease and the senile being housed and dosed into tranquility somewhere apart.

A grabbing start has a reckoned TV man, Roddy (Harvey Keitel), enduring a technical implantation so that he is literally a roving camera via his eyes. Rebellious Katherine (Romy Schneider), told she will shortly die of an incurable malady, has been set up as the grisly object of 'Death Watch', a hugely publicised series of TV programmes calculated to shove the reality of dying back into attention for commercial gain. The grip falters as venal Roddy ostensibly befriends an unknowing Katherine-on-the-run, transmitting the while. Magnificent photography of bleak Glasgow and lush moors and lakes is about all that stays focused as we wind down to a sentimental, implausible finale, with that old emblem Max Von Sydow dispensing gnomic nonsense as Katherine's reclusive first husband. Nor does the international tangle of accents (in which questions are begged) help. □

BALLET

Stephanie Jordan

A dancer's life

Isadora *Royal Ballet, Covent Garden*

Kenneth Macmillan's *Isadora* is a ballet about a dancer who abhorred ballet. Its main protagonist, Isadora Duncan, takes her place in the choreographer's sequence of troubled central characters depicted in his intense, audacious Royal Ballet undertakings, *Anastasia, Manon* and *Mayerling*. Like its antecedents, this ballet is conceived to make full use of the large company and vast technical resources of Covent Garden.

The story begins with Isadora's initial European appearance in London in 1900, follows her career as energetic performer through France, Hungary, Germany, Russia and the States (complete with the Keystone Cops) and follows the tragic loss of her children with her decline into alcoholism and her death by strangulation. The individualism that makes her detest existing dance (two lengthy skits on contemporary theatrical offerings are provided) also leads her through a series of love affairs and one marriage which all end badly: her catalogue of conquests includes an American millionaire, a stage designer, an accompanist, a gigolo, an Italian beach boy, a Hungarian John Barrymore, a mad Russian poet amid an array of glittering theatres and parties (pre- and post-Great War), railway stations, stately homes, academies of dance, a scene of Russian merrymaking and an artist's garret. Yet the most striking theatrical invention is the dual portrayal of Isadora by, on the first night, Merle Park, who dances the life and impressions of her performances, while sections of Duncan's *My Life* and actual conversations are quoted by the actress Mary Miller. They function simultaneously or alternate in and out of focus with comfortable fluency. Miller even dances once, a thrilling *Marseillaise*, as the older, voluptuous Isadora. This extraordinarily ambitious work requires unusually close and flexible collaboration between choreographer, scenarist (Gillian Freeman), designer (Barry Kay), and composer (Richard Rodney Bennett, who provides the RB's first full-length commission since Henze's *Ondine* in 1958).

The result is something that looks unlike anything previously attempted by the RB. There is virtually no *pointe* work, none at all for the title role. The two acts, both strings of tiny cinematic episodes, encompass multifarious theatrical possibilities: unaccompanied spoken word, eclectic musical scoring , slides, hired hecklers in the auditorium, a mass of costumes and rapid scene changes.

But it is a hard task indeed to sustain coherence and continuity in the structure that Macmillan has chosen. If the work succeeds in showing that Isadora was always on the move and her life exceptionally diverse, it also cuts the ground from beneath our feet, rarely allowing Isadora's personality to emerge in the dance.

Certain episodes should be pruned, the two skits for a start. The facetious portrayal of the great American dancer Loie Fuller is unforgiveable except as the means of introducing Monica Mason as a wayward company member who attempts to involve Isadora in a lesbian love affair. Alas, one scene, the reminiscence of her lovers who dance past as she lies in bed, contains some of the best choreography but is dramatically superfluous. Surprisingly, a most memorable, sensual solo goes to the gigolo (Ashley Page), her partner in a peripheral flirtation.

The domestic scenes are the most effective, as in Isadora's taut, ecstatic duet with Gordon Craig (Julian Hosking), the designer whom she claimed as the most important influence in her life. The dramatic climax follows the death of the children as a tortured, falling, flailing dance between Paris Singer (Derek Rencher) and Isadora, who finally crouches pitifully in his arms, her mouth open in a scream.

Merle Park plays Isadora Duncan, the dancer who hated ballet.

For the depiction of her stage works, Macmillan's choreography could easily have been more closely modelled on Isadora's. As her ideas and photographs are so familiar to dance enthusiasts, it is risky to ignore them. Dances are well crafted but neat and light. Park's portrayal is regal, delicate, foot-perfect and faultless except that it opposes all that we know of Isadora. It is surprising too that Macmillan has not devised a dance using the extended and powerful stasis for which Duncan was so famous in later years; that could have made a useful stylistic addition.

The multitude of supporting characters receive sketchy and uneven treatment but, needless to say, the dancing is of high quality throughout. From one hearing, Richard Rodney Bennett's score is handsome and intriguing. He shows his skill as pasticheur of the great Romantics (so admired by Duncan) in the public scenes, as well as author of the vivid accompaniment to the intimate scenes of Isadora's life.

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THEATRE

Benedict Nightingale

Beastly numbers

Anyone for Denis by JOHN WELLS *Whitehall*
Cats by ANDREW LLOYD-WEBBER *New London*
Overheard by PETER USTINOV *Haymarket*

There are days, and more and more of them, when it seems to me that la Thatcher has stepped, trim and lacquered, from one of the grimmer parts of the Book of Revelation; and yet I have to admit that her very monstrosities explain why she's also such a remarkable comic construct. That serenity, that blithe self-belief, while all around the world is crumbling. That obliviousness to others' outrage, that habit of talking to the boiling-mad as if they were very small, silly children. That pose of being infinitely reasonable and infinitely humane, when she's patently neither, or of being an international tough-guy, when the nation has none of the resources to sustain it. Humour commonly depends on contrast, incongruity, and Mrs Thatcher, radiating spray-on charisma from the poop of the Titanic, certainly provides plenty of that. No wonder *Anyone for Denis* is funniest when her latest look-alike, Angela Thorne, simply steps forward and is graciously, plonkingly characteristic. 'Let me make this absolutely clear' or 'I have tried to get this over again and again and again,' she begins; and the house is in stitches even before she reaches the punchline, 'whatever happens, it's your fault'.

My own stitches got fewer when she was offstage, however. The 'Dear Bill' letters in *Private Eye* are, let's agree, brilliantly done, the best examples of imaginative pastiche since the same mag's and author's 'Mrs Wilson's Diary'; but it was never easy to see how they could translate into a play. And, as it turns out, muddle tends too often to prevail. Husband Denis tells a raunchy anecdote about Prince Philip over the phone, practises putts in the Chequers parlour, makes increasingly desperate assaults on the locked drinks cabinet. Russian agent Boris agitatedly records his talk of 'snorts' and 'snifters', relayed from a mike in a daffodil. The butler, Roy Jenkins, dreams aloud of vintage claret and of the supreme power that 'will drop into my lap like ripe fruit'. The housekeeper, a burly lady admiral, advertises her disapproval of Denis and his saloon-bar cronies, Maurice Picarda and Major Jump, who have somehow penetrated the security-screen thrown up by a bodyguard with fantasies of becoming an SAS-hero. With Maggie's arrival, and her assumption that the two uninvited topers are actually her counterparts in a confab about Euro-vegetables, it begins to look as if this amiable sprawl will harden into some more or less distinct plot; but that hardly happens. What reason, apart from their author's feeling that he ought to provide a comic climax, is there for Edward Fox's spiv major and John Cater's zonked Picarda to put in an appearance as Thatcher-clones, complete with perms, scarves and polka-dots?

How does Boris, having equally inexplicably concluded that Denis's pub argot is a deadly code, succeed in dissuading his compatriots from launching the pre-emptive nuclear strike they begin to organise? And who on earth is the mumbling American who droops obscurely in and out? A forgotten leftover from some earlier version of the play? Such questions might be pernickety if John Wells hadn't decided to edge his characters and events over the boundary between parody, which can survive a degree of disorganisation, and farce, a form that needs seamless logic and considerable tension, not to say absolute comprehensibility. As it is, the evening ends up neither quite one thing nor the other. It's too random and scattered to compete effectively in the Feydeau stakes, or even in the great Rix handicap; and it left me, for one, greedy for larger doses of the malicious characterisation and pungent repartee with which it intermittently tantalises us. For all Mr Wells's efforts, both in the study beforehand, and behind the rabbit-teeth and bubble-eyes of the Denis he ebulliently caricatures onstage, it is insufficient.

CATS THEMSELVES have never provoked in me either of the extremes of drooling adulation or psychotic revulsion they seem to excite in otherwise balanced people; and so I suppose it's inevitable that Andrew Lloyd-Webber's trans-mogrification (or do I mean catalysis?) of Eliot's Old Possum poems should leave me marooned somewhere between an uproarious audience and the lone soul who suddenly bawled 'rubbish'. Yes, the music is vigorous, inventive, occasionally even delightful. Yes, John Napier's garbage-tip set is splendid. Yes, those humanoid felines spin, whirl, somersault and sing very well, even if their ratty fur and tinted hair are more likely to put you in mind of a grope-in for derelict punks than a jellicle-ball. Yes, the Gumbie's beetle-tattoo makes a fine production number. Yes, Wayne Sleep's Quaxo dances excitingly, Brian Blessed manages not to look irredeemably fatuous in the black satin boiler-suit someone has provided for Bustopher Jones, Stephen Tate sinks only chest-deep in pathos as Gus the Theatre Cat, and the lyrics are, on the whole, more audible than one had feared. Yet wasn't it all, well, rather a lot of fuss to make about the minor doodles of even a major poet?

The programme-notes, if only by protesting too much, suggest that the show's begetters share this worry. Everyone makes the most inordinate claims for Eliot's unpublished Grizabella the Glamour Cat, who feels poorly because she's lost her looks. Trevor Nunn, whose production it is, tries to convince himself that the character is 'intensely recognisable, with powerful human resonances' and that her eight-line lyric, with its 'themes of mortality and the past', becomes 'almost tragic'; and he and Lloyd-Webber have gone on to shape the evening around her and the actress who plays the part, Elaine Page. In act one she mooches wanly on, spoiling the party and scattering the revelling tabbies: at the close of act two, she does precisely the same, this time to be ritually welcomed and, in a barely credible scene, assumed via an ascending rubber-tyre into a mog-heaven of multi-coloured smoke. Unsurprisingly, this doesn't succeed either in bringing order to the proceedings or in greatly deepening them; and I ended wishing more fervently for what I had gradually become convinced was the real need. A smaller, more intimate production of the same material, or the same production of grander, less intimate material, but not the melodious muddle of big and little we get at present.

Peter Ustinov, not content with looking like a rubber dinghy, has marked an overdue return to the British stage by writing like one. True, *Overheard* wakes up momentarily in the second act, when an iron-curtain tyrant, robustly played by Paul Hardwick, drinks himself under the British ambassador's table. Most of the rest involves the diplomatic marriage of Ian Carmichael and Deborah Kerr, the one exuding genteel chagrin when the other is improbably bedded by an implausible dissident ('I poet. I see behind things, through things'); and, alas, it remains defiantly comatose. □

ART

John Spurling

Sermon in an old suitcase

Stuart Brisley *ICA*
Robert Rauschenberg *Tate*

Performance art as practised by Stuart Brisley has very little in common with the theatre. A playwright/actor fetches reality into the theatre and transposes it into another form, whereas Brisley conceives of some aspect of reality and then thrusts himself into the centre of it. His conceptions have tended to be unpleasant ones — a bath of cold water and rotting meat, a naked body hung upside down and drenched with buckets of paint, a series of tempting dishes offered over a period of ten days to a man who refuses to eat — and if I were Brisley's wife I would be fairly apprehensive of what he might dream up next. It's true that his ordeals so far have involved discomfort and disgust rather than physical danger, but most experiments are concerned with stretching limits and the man is 48 this year.

Rather to my relief — and perhaps to his wife's and even his own — his latest per-

Norman MacCaig

The first of them

The snake weeps below the tree.
He has been hated for so long.

Even Adam and Eve were no sooner past
that fiery sword than they began
to abuse him.

And the things that have been said about him
ever since — by parents to children,
by priests and lawmakers.

Poor snake. He crawls on his belly
dropping amber tears in the dust and whining
I was only obeying orders.

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formance at the ICA seems to mark a change of policy. The central focus of the ordeal is no longer himself but a particular accumulation of rubbish at the intersection of two streets in St Pancras. Brisley's role is confined to selecting items from this rubbish and bringing them to the ICA, where he lays them on 15 plastic-covered trestle tables, catalogues them and, if required, discusses them with visitors to the gallery. The items are not very remarkable nor especially disgusting — a ruined suitcase, old trousers, vests, shoes, plastic bags full of household waste — but they are accompanied by a slide-show in the next room whose commentary emphasises their purpose as symbols and insistent reminders of the abandoned or semi-abandoned people who also pass that St Pancras intersection on their way to a shopping-street, a doss-house or nowhere in particular. It is a simple message in a simple form, but no more so than most realist art and if you examine the suitcase, for instance, as closely as you might a painstaking painting of it, you will see and think as much. In fact, rather more, since the spectator's role in the ordeal is not lessened by Brisley's partial withdrawal. One's instinct is to hold aloof, to despise the rubbish, its display and the man who has had the gall to put it there. The effect of Brisley's earlier performances was generally to overcome this instinctive aloofness, since one can hardly fail to identify with another human being who is actually being gruelled by some nasty experience in front of one's eyes. Here the experience is more insidious for being, as it were, more helpless. Its demands are minimal. Yet, like the sight of a down-and-out asleep on a bench, it sticks to you. *Leaching Out (from the Intersection)* is its title, by which Brisley presumably means his own leaching out of the rubbish — of reality from its context — as well as the natural human tendency to leach out uncomfortable reality from the world; the one leaching out being in this case a direct challenge to the other. A memorable sermon, certainly, but is it art?

ROBERT Rauschenberg's stuff might not have seemed to be art when it was first shown in the Fifties: a row of canvases painted white; the pillow, sheets and quilt of a bed partly splashed with paint and framed; a long straight tyre-print executed in ink on paper and partly rolled up to resemble a Chinese scroll-painting. Nowadays Baigell's *Dictionary of American Art* calls him 'perhaps the major artist of his generation' and, claiming rather less, the Tate's Director writes of 'one of the most famous of living artists'. Rauschenberg has always been a collector of rubbish, or at least unconsidered trifles, which he assembles into increasingly tasteful displays, graduating from rough stuff such as bits of chain or dirty fabric, a stuffed eagle, an old boot or a dilapidated umbrella through cardboard boxes, newspaper cuttings and photographic images to fluttering silk sails, mirrors, scrubbed wood and purpose-made hexagonal umbrellas. He has undoubtedly been innovatory, influential and outstandingly successful and if major events are, as a historian has said, those which have sequels, Rauschenberg must be considered a major event. But it is hard to recognise him as such from this retrospective. There is so little substantial development, indeed so little offered in the first place. The association of objects and images is too cool and diffuse to arouse any passion, intellectual or emotional, in the viewer; reality has been given an artistic setting, but is neither sufficiently itself nor sufficiently transposed into something else. Even the anonymous writer of the introduction to the Tate's catalogue sounds somewhat baffled by his task. What is 'the manifest quality' of Rauschenberg's work? Apparently 'the significance of his whole career is to assert the possibility of freedom in a positive and often optimistic way'. Rauschenberg's world is a fallen Humpty-Dumpty. Positively, optimistically, he has collected some of the pieces and now it's up to you, the viewer, to put Humpty together again. Quite frankly, this exhibition is a bore: Rauschenberg has never really found anything to add to his elegant white canvases. If this is major art, Stuart Brisley may as well eat his suitcase.

Stuart Bisley performing at the Vienna Performance Festival.

Simon Rae

Fox in winter

The rules alter but the breeze
divulges no clues. A new
construction clouds his brain:
he can now lose. Clods frozen
to spiky fists pummel his paws;
saliva feathers, unswallowable
without blood's slaking rinse.
He runs down the cul-de-sac
of his own scent. Distance
concertinas, and the sky
becomes suddenly inoperative.
Expectancy collapses like a lung,
leaving the assembled hounds
worrying at the semantics of defeat
with the concerned air of philosophers.

Weekend competition

No 2668 **Set by Ben Trovato**

Rudyard Kipling, when being fired as a reporter by the San Francisco *Examiner*, was told: 'I'm sorry, Mr Kipling, but you just don't know how to use the English language.' For shame! Let's have a local newspaper report (wedding, flower show, petty crime, W.I. meeting — you know the sort of thing) written by either Kipling or Dickens or Graham Greene or Tom Stoppard. Up to 120 words, by 29 May.

No 2665 **Set by E. O Parrott**

April is *not* the cruellest month. We wanted sonnets about one of the other eleven.

Report **By Toby Jugge**

Ever since the regrettable demise of Perkins last year, we have discouraged the Complex's mail-carrying operatives from bearing heavy weights. However, such is their eagerness to please, they *will* insist on neglecting this simple rule; it was therefore no surprise when Mr Dicker, chief sorter, fell down three flights of stairs while bringing up this week's bulging sacks. He may recover, and then again he may not. Still, it was worth it, as the entries were many and classy. A tenner per victor and kisses all round.

April — the cruellest? Never heard such rot!
(These intellectuals love to be perverse),
How is it Mr Eliot forgot
February? — infinitely worse;
Nasty, brutish and (thank heaven) short,
February fills the dikes with rain,
Floods fields, drowns cattle, cancels sport,
And sends the well-heeled packing off to Spain.
To cure the blues, I post a Valentine,
Only to find I'm gloomier than ever;
What will she think of it? Too anodyne?
Too immature? Too stupid? Or too clever?
Too lecherous? Too commonplace? Too arch?
Too — to hell with Feb, I say. Quick — March!

STANLEY J. SHARPLESS

In May, dyspeptic, running low on Quink,
A comper loses heart and mental balance;
He takes to slaking acning thirst with drink;
And squanders, squibless, nibless, all his talents.

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With ego on his chin, and tortured dreams,
Each eyelid loose, the typing finger sore,
With rankling angst, he screws up, scrunches reams
And reams of nearly virginal A4;
Dispatching drafts to baskets full to brim
With flimsy puns, with dodgy rhymes and quips,
His bleary tears appearing (God, it's *grim*),
He cannot lift a stamp to trembling lips.
Oh aye, E.Q., the cruellest month is May
(Unless Fat Jeff is left in charge of pay).

BILL GREENWELL

Minds numb and hearts fail when December's here.
The debit-balance month in every way,
The *ne plus ultra* of another year
Wasted by failure, boredom and decay.
And, just to twist the knife, there's all the shit
Of goodwill unto men and peace on earth,
The 'we just do it for the children' bit,
The blessed time of whatsisface's birth.
That's not to mention all the bloody cash
That leaks away like water down a drain
To make a piggish, alcoholic splash
That further rots your liver and your brain.
Can any misery be worse, or equal?
You bet it can: the following year's sequel.

BASIL RANSOME-DAVIES

In June, examinees are wedged in rows
While pens are strapped to every trembling fist;
Patrolled, the wretches churn out deathless prose,
A listless list of words. Each twitching wrist
Rehearsed these nervous platitudes last week,
The paragraphs were plotted, swotted hard
For vicious chunks of Chaucer, cheek to cheek
With passages the once and future Bard
Committed to a verse blank as their brains;
And they, as he did, wear the mask of Janus.
Three hours pass. They wrestle with, in chains,
'What humour have you found in Coriolanus?'
Gymnasia in June. Away they slave.
And somewhere Shakespeare corkscrews in his grave.

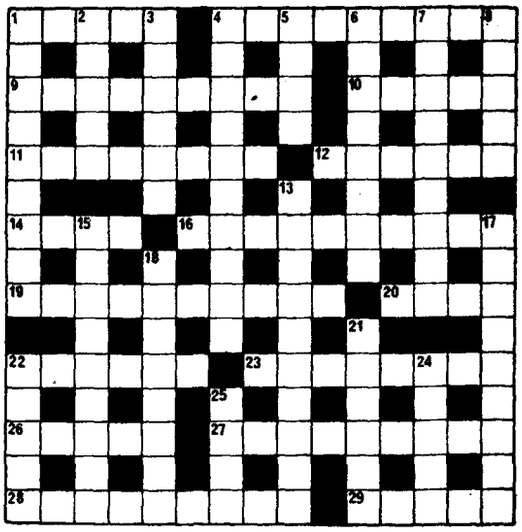
WILL BELLENGER

August's the month when streets are chock-a-block
And foreign students fill up every train.
I cut across the common in the rain —
A hardy flasher brandishes his cock.
Back home, I sit in peace — but then, a knock —
Some roasted relatives returned from Spain
Bring photographs to show me, yet again.
When tea is over, grandma doffs her frock,
Displays her strap marks and her reddened arms,
Tells how she danced flamenco midst the glades
And how they met some people from East Anglia.
The window-cleaner falls, stunned by her charms.
Meanwhile, unseen, my little niece invades
The kitchen mixing countless jugs of sangria.

RUPERT SINGLETON

Weekend Crossword 1382

PRIZES: Book tokens of £2 for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1382, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ, by first post 26 May.



ACROSS

1 Control animal (5)
4 Extraordinarily close I put such applications (9)
9 Star a man is about to exclude (9)
10 Inferior alternatives . in opposite directions? (5)
11 The advantage about a game runner going without shoes (8)
12 Grips in which doctors hold artist (6)
14 Every fruit with soft part cut out (4)
16 Where there are free teas inside (4,6)
19 Fifty in a province go on a journey to discover mineral (10)
20 Town in which the market-place has lost heart (4)
22 Lion family as something of botanical interest (6)
23 Causes of affliction, the company comes in great waves (8)
26 Gets hot during a single when not scored off (5)
27 Food which is spoilt if it is past eight (9)
28 Religious heads have their prior uses (9)
29 Dismiss about fifty for being idle (5)

DOWN

1 With untidy habit Bess is most mean-looking (9)
2 Maturer kind of wine (5)
3 Snub concerning colour (6)
4 Fifty players on appearing individually (10)
5 Vessels carry original version of ourselves (4)
6 We go in to phone the high up (8)
7 Making love is nearly all anxieties and evil (9)
8 Appears to take notice of what is written (5)
13 Weighty conversations for birds (10)
15 Legal craft employed in a suit (9)
17 Comedy where punishment is given sign of approval (9)
18 Cause resentment by taking me up a drink (8)
21 The man held in a close embrace was an international footballer (6)
22 They help me to get the answer, and I spot one of them in four (5)
24 Extract what is essential, thanks, and latex is produced (5)
25 Capital made in two slot machines (4)

SETSQUARE

Solution to Salamanca 41

S	P	E	A	R	Y	A	E	S	T	O	N
C	E	O	P	E	R	A	Y	O	U	S	E
L	A	V	O	L	T	C	N	R	A	C	V
E	R	N	E	L	P	E	E	P	T	O	E
M	E	L	L	E	N	E	P	T	E	L	R
E	R	S	I	O	U	N	E	A	R	T	I
S	T	O	A	L	E	D	S	I	A	C	M
T	A	L	A	E	E	I	L	L	T	O	P
A	V	A	T	A	R	S	I	E	A	I	L
M	A	E	T	R	I	S	T	R	I	N	E
L	E	A	D	C	L	O	T	O	S	C	T
A	S	T	O	N	Y	M	A	N	E	G	E

The title H agley: the quotation revealed by ignoring h, 'Pray love me little, love me long'.

Prizewinners to Salamanca 41

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COMMUNITY SERVICE VOLUNTEERS
The National Volunteer Agency
VOLUNTEER DIRECTOR — HEADQUARTERS

In co-operation with the Prisons Department, a unique programme has been run by Community Service Volunteers for the past 11 years, involving Borstal trainees and Young Prisoners in full-time community service projects during the latter part of their sentences. Currently 180 Borstal trainees and approximately 60 Young Prisoners are temporarily released to CSV each year to undertake challenging volunteer roles in a wide range of settings, all involving them in face to face work with others in need. The Young Offenders Programme, based in London, needs a Volunteer Director to be responsible for placing and supervising approximately 70 of these young men and women each year. The successful applicant will become part of an energetic and committed 7 member team, and will take responsibility for this work in four offenders institutions. Salary: NJC Scale AP2 Spinal point 15 **£5,634**

Details and application form from:
Eve Mason, CSV, 237 Pentonville Road, London N1.
Tel: 01-278 6601

ASSISTANT EDITOR
wanted by
JEWISH MONTHLY
to be trained as successor to **Chief Editor.** Journalistic experience essential. Jewish background knowledge desirable.
Association of Jewish Refugees, 8 Fairfax Mansions, London NW3 6LA

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OV SELECTION CATERS for the more mature person as well as graduates and 'A' level students with typing and office skills. Phone Odette Veazey, OV Selection (Emp. Agy), 92 Brompton Road (opp. Harrods), SW3 1EH. 01-589 0590.

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Candidates should submit a written application, indicating their field of interest and enclosing a C.V. and the names of two referees, to:

Geoffrey Pearson, School of Applied Social Studies, University of Bradford, Bradford BD7 1DP
quoting Ref: RS/ASS/NST

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051 727 6847.

Publications

AZURE QUARTERLY REVIEW of Arab literature, arts and culture. Published by the Arab Cultural Trust. Write to: 13a Hillgate Street, London W8 7SP. First copy half price (£1.25 + 25p p.&p.).

OUT OF PRINT Book Service, 17 Fairwater Grove (E), Cardiff. S.a.e. for details.

ASIA & AFRICA Catalogues issued. A.C. Hall, 30 Staines Road, Twickenham, Mdx.

REVIEW COPIES and others in fine condition bought by Vermilion Books, 57 Red Lion Street, WC1. Tel. 01-242 5822.

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Wanted

AMERICAN ACADEMIC family, two older children, seeks London flat/house, 7/8 mths, Jan.-July/August 1982. 2/3 bedrms reqd. London refs available. Correspondence: Drs Naomi and Joel Rosenthal, 116 Jones Ave, Port Jefferson, New York 11777, USA.

COMMUNITY EDUCATION TUTOR, writer, woman, late 30s, requires room in friendly house or flat, or bedsit., pref. West London to Hounslow area. £22 max. Box 1297.

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IF YOU LIKE buying your 'Introductions' and haunting lonely hearts clubs — fine! If not . . . find out about Nexus. Phone for the brochure: London 359 7415/7656, Glasgow 221 1090, Manchester 834 9864, Leeds 445186, Bristol 279528, Wolverhampton 762519, Newcastle 607645, Southampton 786967, Brighton 775578.

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ARTIFICIAL INSEMINATION: Infertility Clinic in London requires healthy West Indian donors for West Indian women requiring AID. High fee payable. Box 1241.

ANTI-NUCLEAR Peace Badges, stickers, T-shirts, shopping bags. Free catalogue, bulk discounts. Leeds Anti-Nuclear Group, 20 Kelso Road, Leeds 2. 0532 446795.

ATTRACTIVE, prof. gentleman, 34, grad., new to London, sks attractive lady to take to the pub, theatre, maybe Barbados. Small photo, tel. no., appreciated. Box 1275.

CARE AND BE CARED FOR. Continental woman, 40, divorced, cultured, reserved, dreads big noisy parties, enjoys homelife, outings, reading, theatre, music, walking, the seaside etc. Seeks educated man to share ups and downs of life, or simply to enlarge circle of friends. Box 1319.

CARING, honest male, 55, hopes to meet slim/medium, intelligent, creative lady, liking theatre, cinema, music, discussions, as well as a very loving man, for a lifetime sincere relationship. Box 1309.

CARING WOMAN, mid-40s, sks companion to share interest in music, books, English countryside and history. Ideally tall, academic, sense of humour. Midlands based. Box 1305.

DATELINE'S PSYCHOLOGICALLY accurate introductions lead to pleasant friendships, spontaneous affairs and firm, lasting relationships including marriage. All ages, all areas. Free details: Dateline Computer Dating Dept. (NT), 23 Abingdon Rd, London W8. Tel. 01-938 1011.

DOCTORATE, professional, single, London-based, male, seeks intelligent, companionable, unattached, girl-friend, 20-32, for long-term relationship. Box 1267.

ENGLISH DIVORCEE would like London village/country life with her 2 sons 13 & 15, keeping her identity, working, pref released from housework. Francophile, literate, talented thinker and poet. Is there a man 35-55 interested? Write: Mrs P. Raja, c/o Midland Bank, High St, Ramsgate, Kent.

EVERYBODY NEEDS SOMEBODY sometimes. Status gives you a better chance to meet your kind of people. Contact London's premier Marriage/Friendship Service for unattached professional people. 'Status', 88 Marylebone High St, W1. 286 2128 (24 hrs).

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GUARDIAN REQUIRED for unique coastal retreat. Former station master's house with view of Isle of Man & South of Scotland on edge of the Lake District. Ideal writers, scholars and those seeking a creative atmosphere. Available: peppercorn rent basis. Box 1282.

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INTELLIGENT, attractive divorcee, 35, (2 children) artist/writer, would like to meet kind, caring, intelligent man, for genuine long-term friendship. Aberdeen area. Box 1323.

INTELLIGENT, thoughtful, companionable female wishes share wide intellectual interests & love of travel, music, country, sea, animals, sport, humour, similar dependable male, 43-55. Box 1307.

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MILDLY UNCONVENTIONAL professional man, young 39, unattached, unpolitical, has heart as well as head, part-time seeker after truth, looking for lively, original woman (30s), for creative relationship. Box 1308.

MY FREEDOM'S being wasted. Clever lady workaholic, 35, slim, attractive, wants shared fun and relaxation with 40s man, tall, busy, affectionate. Weekends, holidays to start with. Leftist, gourmet, Francophile, tolerant (who'd never reply to this) would be ideal. Box 1274.

NATIONAL GOVERNMENT. Details from: The Centre Party, 83 Donnington Court, Donnington Rd, London NW10 3TJ.

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WOMAN, divorced, forties, North London, daughters (13, 14), seeks compatible counterpart to share large house, Spain, August. Box 1321.

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NIGHTLY at 8.15 p.m.
MATINEES 5 p.m.

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SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE, EC1. Tel. 01-837 1672/1673/3856. Credit Cards 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. 01-278 0871. Group Sales Box Office 01-379 6061. 26 to 30 May. Opera at Sadler's Wells. HANSEL & GRETEL. Evs at 7.30. With Karen Shelby, Laureen Livingstone, Joan Clarkson, Norman Welsby, Patricia Cope. Tkts. £2 to £9.

Meetings

HISTORY WORKSHOP London Seminar. Stuart Hall 'CND Re-visited'. Bull and Mouth, Bury Place, WC1 (2 mins British Museum), Club Room, 1st Floor. Monday 1 June 7.30-9.30 p.m.

CENTRAL LONDON FABIAN SOCIETY Meeting Wed. 20 May 7.30 p.m. at Mary Ward House, 5 Tavistock Place, WC1. Michael Shanks of The National Consumer Council speaking on 'Industrial Policy & Planning'. All welcome. Further details: Helen Price 870 2233 (office hrs).

EPSOM/LEATHERHEAD FABIANS. Inaugural meeting 20 May 8 p.m. Myers Hall, Epsom. *Frank Judd* – Fabians: 'The International Challenge'.

LOST HERITAGE: symposium on The Return of Cultural Treasures at The Africa Centre, 21 May 2 p.m. – 9 p.m. Tel. Murray McCartney 01 836 1973 for further details.

SOCIALIST CHALLENGE 200TH ISSUE FORUM
'Socialist Perspective For Europe'
Speakers:
Ernest Mandel
Ken Livingstone
(in a personal capacity)
Friday 22 May 8 p.m.
Camden Centre, opp. St. Pancras Station
Doors open 6.30 p.m. with stalls and displays.

DEFEND YOUR RIGHT TO DEMONSTRATE!

NCCL Public Meeting to oppose blanket bans on Marches.

WEDNESDAY 20 MAY

5p.m. to 7p.m.
in the Grand Committee Room of the House of Commons.

Speakers
GEORGE CUNNINGHAM, M.P.
JACK DROMEY, TUC People's March
JO RICHARDSON, M.P.
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LABOUR AND THE MEDIA
Weekend Conference
10-12 July
Cudham Hall, Kent
Director: **Austin Mitchell, MP**
Speakers include: **Anthony Smith** (Glasgow Media Group) and **Mary Holland**
Cost £29.50
Contact: **Bob Crossman, Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth St., London SW1. Tel: 01-222 8877.**

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING OF THE WORLD DEVELOPMENT MOVEMENT
Speaker:
His Excellency Professor Robert T. Zwinoira
High Commissioner for Zimbabwe
Friday, 23 May, 12 noon
Friends Meeting House, St. Martins Lane, WC2
Further details from:
WDM, Bedford Chambers, Covent Garden, WC2. 01-836 3672

THE ANNUAL FESTIVAL OF BUDDHA DAY
(WESAK)
CENTRAL HALL, WESTMINSTER
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Distinguished speakers from all schools of Buddhism.
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The Buddhist Society, 58 Eccleston Square, London SW1. Tel: 01-834 5858.

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One-year courses are offered covering a range of subject areas including economics, literature, political science and sociology.

Enrolments are now being accepted for the session 1981-82.

Grants are available to those accepted.

Prospectus and application forms from: The Bursar, Fircroft College, Bristol Road, Selly Oak, Birmingham 29.

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Contact: **Caroline Kerr — 937 6956. Or write to: Westminster Pastoral Foundation, 23 Kensington Square, London W8. (S.A.E. Please)**

GAY RIGHTS AND THE LABOUR PARTY National Conference for Lesbians and Gay Men who want to work actively for Gay Rights in the Labour Party. Crèche provided. Manchester Saturday 5 June, 10.45 a.m. Details from David Mottram, 34 Elmin Way, Manchester. Organised by Labour Campaign for Gay Rights.

THEOSOPHY: *S.a.e. for pamphlets, book list,* programme of activities. Public Talk Sun. 17 May 8 p.m. 'The Cause Of Suffering'. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, London W2 3AL.

THE PATH TO HUMAN FREEDOM. Free Public Lecture – Joy Mills, International lecturer USA. Sun. 24 May 7 pm Mahatma Gandhi Hall, Indian YMCA, 41 Fitzroy Sq., London W1 (Warren St. Tube). Inquiries: Theosophical Society, 01-935 9261.

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HAMPSTEAD BOOK FAIR. (Secondhand & Antiquarian). Sunday 17 May 11 a.m.-5 p.m. Old Town Hall, Haverstock Hill, NW3 (opp. Belsize Park Stn). Adm. 10p.

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YOU MAY SUBMIT AS MANY LIMERICKS AS YOU LIKE, but the last word of the first line must be **LEICESTER.** An excellent example of the limerick form is given below, this particular limerick illustrates the correct meter, and was written by Professor Buller in 1923:—

"THERE WAS A YOUNG LADY NAMED BRIGHT,
WHOSE SPEED WAS FAR FASTER THAN LIGHT;
SHE SET OUT ONE DAY
IN A RELATIVE WAY,
AND RETURNED HOME THE PREVIOUS NIGHT".

The competition will be judged by Gavin Ewart. The first ten successful competitors will read their work at PHOENIX ARTS at 7.30 p.m. on SATURDAY 20th JUNE.

There will be three prizes of £50 each for 1st, 2nd and 3rd, three prizes of £20 each and four prizes of £10 each.

Entries should be sent to:— MARY CARTER, ROOM 208, MUNICIPAL BUILDINGS, CHARLES STREET, LEICESTER LE1 1FB.
TEL: 0533 56430/549922 EXT 7395

With your name, address, telephone number, and cheque or postal order for £1 (for as many limericks as you wish) which should be made payable to the **'LEICESTER FESTIVAL'**

THE CLOSING DATE FOR ENTRIES IS SATURDAY 6 JUNE

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